

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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NEWS OF A LONELY ISLAND

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THE BROKEN CENOTAPH

AMAZING FIND IN ATHENS

An Old Tale of a Prize Poem Proved True

HEROES OF MARATHON

*Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.*

This is the famous epitaph to the heroic Greeks who fell at Thermopylae, of which it has been said that as long as the Greeks remembered it they remained a great people, but when they forgot it they fell from their high estate.

The writer of these immortal lines was Simonides of Ceos. The most famous story told about him has just been proved true by an amazing find among the buried stones in the market-place of Athens.

The story comes from the life of the great dramatic poet Aeschylus, and tells how he competed for the prize offered for the best verse on the heroes who fell at the Battle of Marathon.

This verse was to be inscribed on the cenotaph the city was raising in their honour. We read that Aeschylus did not receive the prize, but Simonides did.

Extraordinary Facts

Now the stone unearched from the market-place is inscribed with portions of two Greek poems, or epigrams, and it was noticed that it bore a strange similarity to another large fragment found in 1855 on the other side of the Acropolis. The two fragments were placed side by side, and though they did not fit it was evident that they were parts of the same monument; and scholars have enough material to tell us these extraordinary facts about the proud memorial.

They have two-thirds of the front of the cenotaph, and along the upper border were inscribed the four lines of poetry written by Simonides, opening with the words "The valour of these men" and going on to say how, shouting the battle-cry, the footmen held the onrush of barbarians, and by this brave deed saved Greece from seeing the dawn of slavery.

The Victory Over Persia

Below this inscription is a roughened area, part of which has been smoothed and inscribed by a different workman with a four-line poem by Aeschylus. This declares how Athens broke the might of Persia as the Persian troops stood near the gates of the sea-girt city. The forms of expression and the actual Greek words used prove without a shadow of doubt that they were written by Simonides and Aeschylus, and it is suggested that the poem that was written by Aeschylus was added some time after the monument had been erected. The Battle of Marathon was won in

In the Isles of Flowers



Gathering the blossoms in a beautiful field of stocks on a farm in St Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Isles, where the eye can feast on a perfect blaze of glorious blooms.

490 B.C. and the tumulus where they buried the Athenian dead can still be seen. The monument was erected in Athens in the following year.

Nine years later Xerxes led the Persians again into Greece, and when his barbarian troops entered Athens to sack and burn it we can well believe that this Marathon cenotaph was smashed with relentless fury so that it was impossible for the memorial to be recovered when the Athenians returned after the Battle of Salamis in 480 B.C.

This may explain how all record of the poems has been lost to this day.

There is another interesting fact in the discovery; one of the Greek words used by Aeschylus, meaning "shortly to make an utter victory," is the only known example of this word in the Greek language.

Search is being made for the missing fragments in the hope that the complete poem of Simonides may be added to those perfect lyrics from his pen, of which we have, alas! so few.

THE STRONG-ROOM OF SEVENOAKS

Mr W. Judd, one of the leading citizens of Sevenoaks in Kent, is to be congratulated on the lead he has taken to get the Town Council to open a fire-proof strong-room in the municipal buildings where valuable documents referring to land and property can be lodged.

It is one of the sad facts of our modern life that historical and beautiful houses going back to the Elizabethan and some to the Norman period are going under the hammer of the housebreaker to make room for modern houses. There is a danger that the people who own them may not pay any attention to the historical side of the house in which they have been living. The Council therefore is offering this free space where papers can be kept and future historians can dip into them. An offer is being made to people in any part of England who wish to preserve their family documents to send them to this new stronghold of Kent.

THE TOO-MUCH IDEA KEEPING DOWN RUBBER

Scheme To Restrict the Output and Increase the Price

WHY NOT USE MORE ?

Because rubber is easily produced, and because the world does not yet know how to distribute rubber quickly enough to the hundreds of millions needing it, the rubber-producing nations have made a World Pact to restrict the output and sale of their material.

The pact is designed to keep up the price of rubber at a paying level. By so preventing a surplus arising profitable prices are expected to arise and to be maintained.

Enterprise at Kew

It was the great enterprise of the authorities of Kew Gardens which led to the cheapening of rubber, for they conceived and carried out the idea of transplanting seedlings of Amazon rubber plants to Ceylon and Singapore. Now great areas of the Malay States, Ceylon, and Southern India are developed as rubber plantations. A rubber tree has a girth of 20 inches when only five years old, and then begins to yield several pounds of rubber a year. For many years there were big profits, but the easy production caused supply to exceed commercial demand. Since the war rubber has been down to under twopence a pound; it is now about 7d.

How readily the supply can be augmented is shown by the fact that in six years the Dutch East Indies increased output from 6000 to nearly 100,000 tons.

British investors have about £150,000,000 invested in rubber shares, and they have great hopes of renewed profits from restriction of output.

The Regulation Plan

The rubber-growers of eight lands have agreed on the regulation plan. They are Malaya, Dutch East Indies, India, Ceylon, French Indo-China, North Borneo, Sarawak, and Siam. The scheme is to start next month, and for the present year there is to be an aggregate output of 996,500 tons, as compared with 832,000 tons last year. Outputs are delimited up to 1938 at increasing totals. Each territory has its allotted quota. Thus, for 1934, Malaya is to produce 504,000 tons, Dutch Indies 352,000 tons, Ceylon 77,500 tons, and so on.

We are glad that the quotas enlarge in each successive year, for it is very important that the use of rubber should not be diminished. Every effort should be made to liberate demand rather than reduce supply. The good uses of rubber are so many that the 2000 million people of the world should easily buy all the material the Tropics can produce.

The Governments of the countries referred to have signed an agreement giving effect to the pact of producers. Tyres and golf balls will be dearer.

HITLER'S DARING STROKE

GERMAN JUSTICE,
NEW STYLE

Extraordinary Step in a
Civilised State

REICHSTAG FIRE SEQUEL

The Supreme Court at Leipzig has at last been put into its place because its justice is not Nazi justice.

The rulers of Germany today have never forgiven the Court for acquitting Torgler and the Bulgarians in the Reichstag Fire Trial.

A law has now been promulgated appointing a new tribunal to try treason and a new group of offences against the State. The astounding thing about this tribunal is that only two of its five members need be lawyers, though one of the lawyers must preside. All the members are selected by Herr Hitler.

Roman law, which has been regarded by civilisation as the fairest and soundest for hundreds of years, is to give place to what is called Teutonic justice, based on the opinions of the Nazi régime.

Object of the New Statutes

The new tribunal will have power to pass the death sentence, and there will be no appeal for those it finds guilty. The death sentence may be passed on any who attack the Government through gramophone records, cartoons, or printed matter. People who spread stories of atrocities are to be punished with penal servitude, and there are new statutes dealing with the betrayal of official secrets.

Yet these new statutes do not clearly define what are to be regarded as official secrets. A hint perhaps is given by the section which deals with former official secrets. Under this people may be imprisoned for communicating or discussing former official secrets which are already known to foreign Governments or have already been publicly revealed. Such discussion, it is declared, may endanger the well-being of the Reich, and that is why it is now forbidden.

The real object of these new statutes is to confirm the present régime in lasting domination over Germany by making it treasonable even to speak against the Government.

The new Court, which is to be called the People's Tribunal, reminds one more of the primitive justice of medieval times than of the ordered civilised State which has gradually built up a system to ensure that the innocent cannot be punished. It is the deliberate adoption in the time of peace of the kind of tribunal set up in the French Revolution, a court of political justice.

A BALTIC LEAGUE

Three Little States To Come
Together

The three little States on the Baltic, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, are proposing to form themselves into a league similar to that of the Little Entente. They agree that their interests are identical and that they will adopt a common policy in international affairs.

This step has grown out of Germany's rejection of a Russian proposal for a mutual pact guaranteeing the three Baltic States. There is a great fear in Lithuania especially that she may be absorbed by Germany against her will at some future time.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL

It is the wish of the headmaster of Sutton Bonnington Council School to introduce a rural basis for teaching, and Nottinghamshire Education Committee has authorised him to build an aviary and a fowlhouse at his school, and to make further provisions for teaching gardening.

SUNLIGHT AND COLOUR AT THE ACADEMY

SCULPTURE BY MASTER HANDS

David Livingstone Beside the
Model of a Great Cathedral
SOME LOVELY CHILDREN

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy has an appeal to all lovers of beauty.

Here in Burlington House we find the glories of our countryside, the portraits of many familiar people, and some side-lights on the thought and trend of life today. Here is colour perhaps stronger than ever before, and usually where the artist has not mixed the brightest colours on his palette he has spread on his canvas a charm which appeals to another side of our nature.

Among the portraits there is, we regret to say, a lack of happy laughter. Having one's portrait painted is evidently a very serious matter. But Jack Hobbs smiles delightfully with his eyes, and in another room a fiddler greets us with a perfect smile. Thank you, happy fiddler.

There is laughter and to spare in the landscapes, for sunlight has been caught in abounding measure in hundreds of scenes, and nowhere better than in Lamorna Birch's masterpieces.

Charming Portraits

Every boy and girl, too, will love Ernest Procter's exciting seaside picture Summer Holidays and Harold Harvey's country fair with the big drum and the blaring trumpet in the foreground.

There are some charming portraits of children, little Harold Mills playing with his model crane by Bertram Priestman; the happy Chanler children by A. K. Lawrence; bright little Marigold Bridgeman by I. M. Cohen; and Elizabeth Williamson riding on her jolly pony, one of the last works of Annie L. Swynnerton. We must not forget (we can hardly miss it, for it is so large) the brilliant picture of Lamorna Birch and his two little girls by Dame Laura Knight, who is well represented this year.

Among the portraits which we shall see again and again is the kind, solemn face of John Wesley by Frank Salisbury; its home is to be the Wesleyan Museum in the City Road. We meet John Wesley once more among the sculptures, on horseback this time, a bronze statuette by Arthur Walker after his larger work at Bristol. It is one of many fine sculptures. There is an Epstein bronze which no one can object to, for it shows the real Einstein, and on a pedestal close by is a lovely head, also in bronze, of Paderewski by Sir Alfred Gilbert, here to prove that his master-hand has lost none of its cunning.

A Model Cathedral

There is an enormous figure of Livingstone, a model of the statue by Mr Reid Dick to be erected at Victoria Falls. It is matched by another colossal statue of Captain Matthew Flinders by Mr Brook Hitch.

These figures stand on each side of an object which must be unique in the story of the Academy, a model of the great Roman Catholic cathedral which Sir Edwin Lutyens is building at Liverpool. So huge is this model that one could stand inside it with ease. It dwarfs the sculptures about it, but its solemnity cannot efface the perfect expression of human happiness shown by the laughing woman playing with her little child in Harold Youngman's group for a fountain which he has most rightly entitled Joy.

THE EMPIRE DAY EARL

London's Empire Church, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, is to erect a memorial to the Earl of Meath, founder of Empire Day. It will stand in front of the church facing Kensington Gardens, and will be unveiled on Empire Day by the Duke of Connaught.

THE JAPANESE TRADE WAR

A British Answer
IMPORTANT STEP

As was to be expected, our Government is taking decisive steps to check Japanese competition in the Home Market and, as far as possible, in the British Empire.

It can, of course, do nothing in the Dominions, whose policy in such matters is for their own decision.

The policy now adopted is one of limiting by quota Japanese imports into this country and the Crown Colonies. The quotas will be fixed, not by value but by quantity, so that the low prices at which Japan is selling her goods will not help her in exporting these goods to the restricted markets.

The word "capture" has often been misused in relation to winning trade, but it may properly be applied to the Japanese exportations during the last few years.

We have pointed out before that Japan could not reasonably expect other nations to look on while she destroyed old trade connections with bright cheap copies of their goods.

Moreover, Japan has to buy her materials, and if she does not moderate her methods she will find it difficult to obtain supplies.

The Japanese trade war has been accompanied by a vast increase in Japanese arms, which has also helped to antagonise world opinion. It is not possible to pursue such courses unchecked. The great masses of people in Japan cannot be held responsible for the vauntings of their Government.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE LEAGUE

Danger of Plague in Liberia
DEFYING GENEVA

Conditions in Liberia have been going from bad to worse; indeed there is a definite danger of this African State becoming a plague spot in the real sense of the word.

It will be recalled that one of the questions raised at the League investigation two years ago was about Liberia's inadequate medical service. Lord Stanhope, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has now stated that disease is absolutely rampant in Liberia, and that if plague ever started there it would endanger not only the West Coast of Africa but the rest of the world.

Monrovia, the capital, is infested with rats, and should one of them become infected plague would spread with appalling rapidity. Our Government has done its utmost to bring about an improvement in Liberia, but the Liberian Government had made our efforts and those of the League a complete failure.

There is another question too, which has caused serious concern, and that is the continued ill-treatment of the Kroo tribesmen by the Liberian frontier forces. The Liberian Government has asserted that the treatment of the Kroos was her own affair.

The nations of the League have drawn up a plan to help Liberia financially, but unless a real improvement is forthcoming in that wretched State our representatives will recommend the League to withdraw this plan. There is little doubt that Liberia is the Black Sheep of the League.

A NEW WAY OF GOING TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

May Day saw the beginning of the new rail and air service between London and the Isle of Wight. The inclusive fare is 50s return, and one can return by rail.

The journey from Victoria to Cowes Aerodrome occupies only 90 minutes.

SCIENTISTS SAVE THE WHEAT CROPS A Great Victory Over an Enemy

The scientist has won a great victory in Canada, having solved the problem which has cost its wheat farmers millions of pounds.

After years of experiment a wheat immune from rust has been evolved and is now being distributed to farmers.

It is expected that the discovery will save the farmers in Manitoba and Saskatchewan alone the enormous annual sum of £4,000,000. It is estimated that the cost of research has amounted to £50,000, a small sum indeed to pay for such a tremendous saving.

No longer will the Canadian farmer watch his green leaves lose their healthy colouring and assume that yellow hue which marks the onset of the terrible black-stem rust, which ruins his wheat crops and leaves behind spores to lie dormant through the winter and resume their attack in spring.

VEGETABLE TRAINS

Eighteen Millions of Broccoli

Eighteen million broccoli in a month Cornwall has recently distributed by train to our great population.

In April 230 special trains were run from Cornwall to all parts of the kingdom, including London, Bristol, Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow, carrying 16,000 tons of broccoli grown in the Penzance district.

All records have been broken in a phenomenal season. The general climate of Cornwall has beaten the drought experienced in most other parts of the country.

Checked in the early part of the year, the season has been compressed into one of weeks instead of months. As many as 13 special trains have been dispatched in one day.

BAD YOUNG MEN

And More of Them

We regret to learn that there was a serious increase in the number of young men sent to prison in 1932.

In spite of the general reluctance of magistrates and judges to send young people to prison the increase that year amounted to as much as 40 per cent. Of the 2650 youths sentenced to imprisonment 46 per cent had not been previously convicted. The Commissioners of Prisons, from whose Annual Report these figures are taken, state that it would seem that Borstal would have been more appropriate than prison for many of these young men.

The report refers to a new experiment to provide food for thought among the prisoners. A prison newspaper has been produced and supplied to every prisoner at Parkhurst and Wormwood Scrubs. During this year this newspaper is to be circulated in other prisons.

THINGS SAID

I have counted 2500 feathers in the nest of a long-tailed tit.

Rev Bramwell Evens

No one should be on the voter's list who will not take the trouble to make a written request for it. Sir Alfred Pease

People used to borrow only novels; today 22 per cent want serious books.

A Librarian for 46 years

I should like to see international rivalry based not on war or sport, but on health statistics.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane

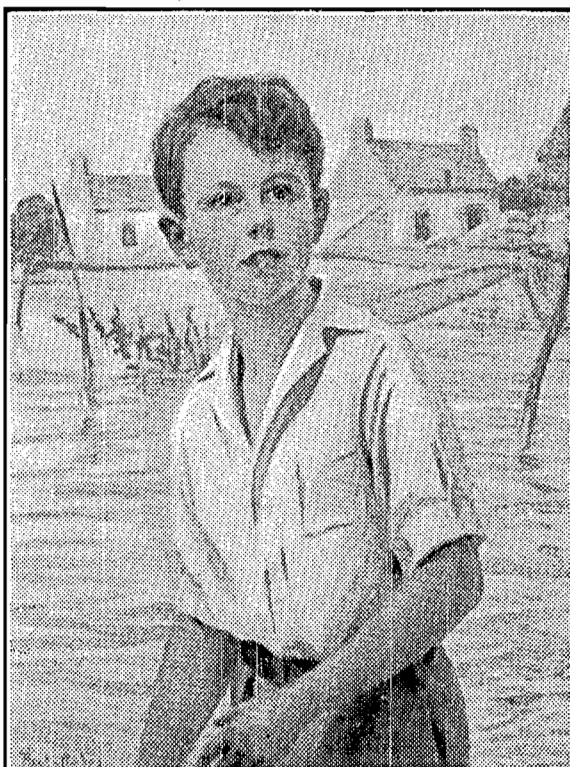
Our arterial roads have lost their efficiency and purpose as traffic conveyers by unwise development.

Mr R. Hardy-Syms

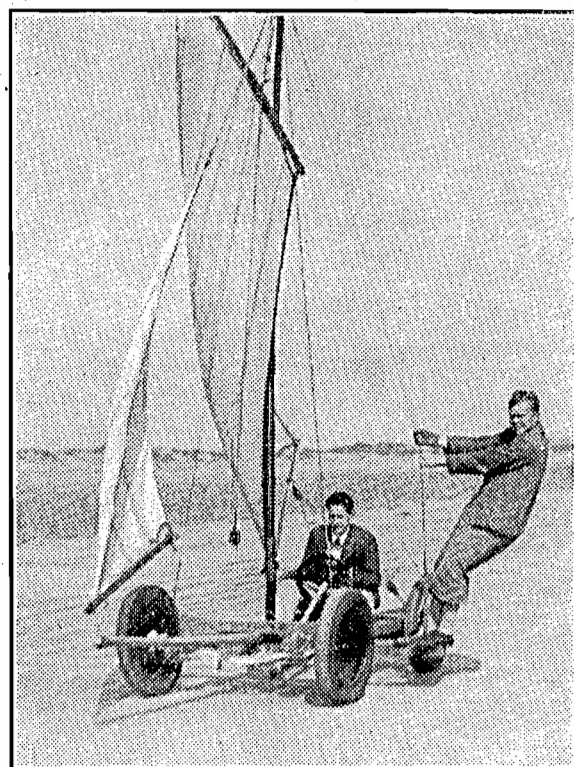
AT WHIPSNADE · PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT · WINDJAMMER'S RACE



Shrimps For Tea—A fisher-lass at Ramsgate.



In the Paris Salon—A delightful portrait of a boy by Paul Chabas.



Sailing on the Sands—A land-yacht at St Andrews.

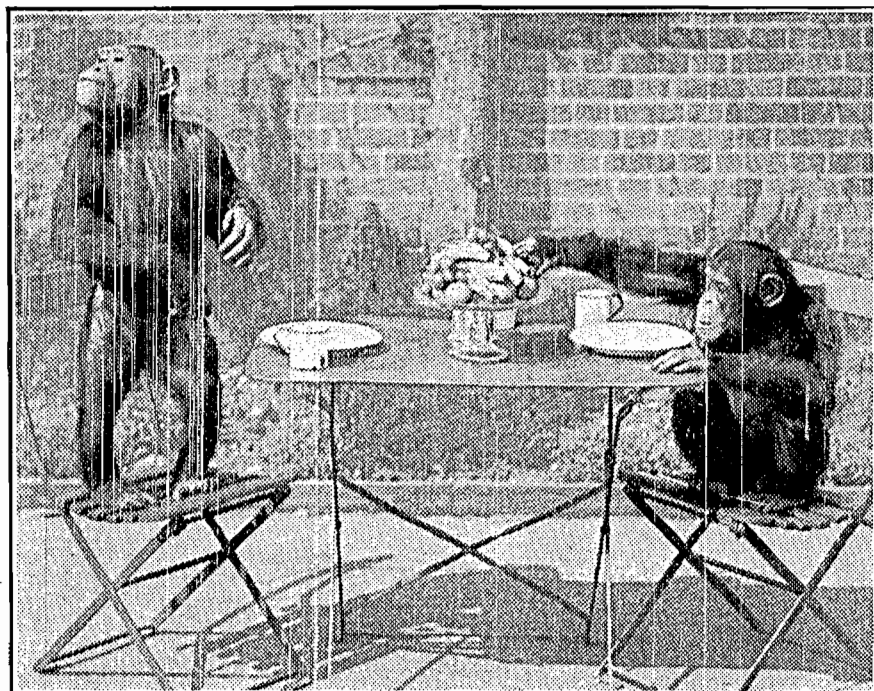
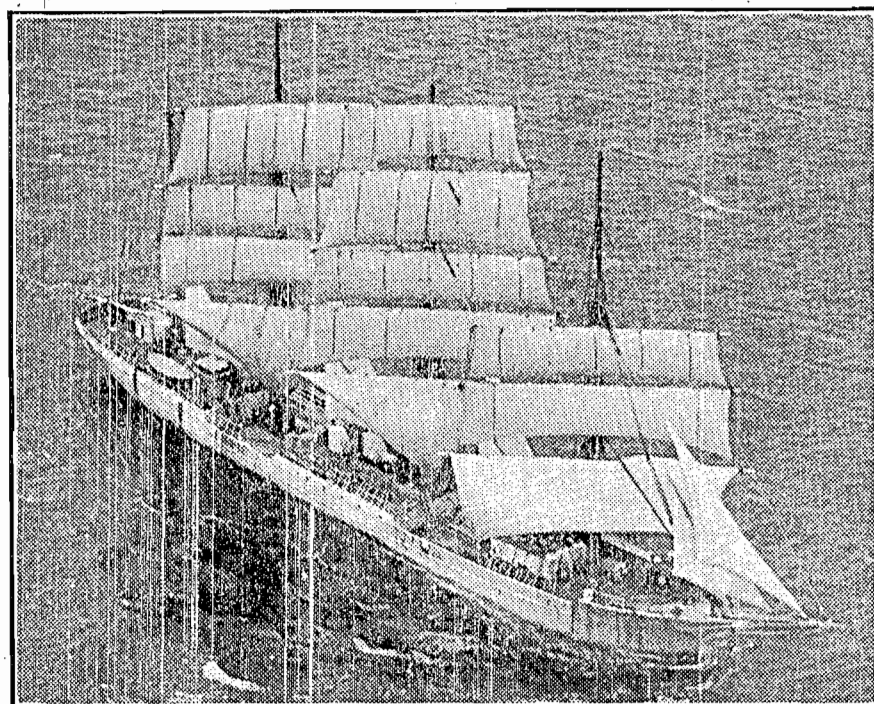


Table Manners—Bella and Wendy, the Whipsnade chimpanzees, now take tea in the open. Here we see Wendy helping herself while Bella stands on her chair to look for the waitress.



A Happy Family—Another picture from the Whipsnade Zoo showing a tigress with her family. The cubs are about three months old, and their antics give great delight to visitors.



Race of the Windjammers—An aerial view of the Abraham Rydberg, the first of the sailing fleet to reach England in the race from Australia with cargoes of grain.



Pageant of Parliament—A dress rehearsal by some of the players in the Pageant of Parliament which is to be presented at the Albert Hall for three weeks, beginning on June 29.

GOODWILL DAY CHILDREN'S PEACE MESSAGE

The World's Friendly Answers
Back To Wales

A TREE FROM SWITZERLAND

Once more comes Goodwill Day, May 18, when to all parts of the world travels the Goodwill Message of the Children of Wales, a living link between those thousands of Welsh schools which cheer it on its winged way from their little western land and all those other schools scattered over the globe into which it finds, happily, an increasingly welcome entrance.

Many are the answers which come back to Wales each year from the five continents and the seven seas; and these original documents, sometimes telegrams, sometimes letters, sometimes illuminated scrolls, become the privileged possession of the Welsh schools which desire them, tangible tokens of that wide-

This Year's Message

This is the 13th annual Peace Message broadcast by the Children of Wales to the Children of the World on Goodwill Day, May 18:

FROM our little land of poetry and song we, boys and girls of Wales, greet you, the boys and girls of every country under the Sun.

We are thrilled to know that, through the air, our greeting can reach you. This is a wonderful world in which we live, a world which will be still more wonderful when these dark days are over.

We rejoice in the lovely things that are in the world, the beauty of the Earth, the sea, and the air, the heritage that belongs to us all and in which we are all united.

We rejoice, too, in the courage of those pioneers of all countries who have conquered fear and danger; deeds of daring, like flying alone in the night across the Atlantic, fill us all with pride.

Let us, then, boys and girls, so strive that every triumph over difficulty shall only serve to draw our nations closer together as members of one big family.

Peace and goodwill to you all.
Let us make our dreams come true.

spread friendship between the world's children which is surely destined to change the world.

Out of the enormous number of replies received last year we take one or two which seem best to express the real feeling of comradeship which, if carried out in deed as well as in word, will assuredly bring about this change. The captain of a public school in Canberra, Australia, wrote:

The young citizens of this young city offer to the children of the world their sincere friendship.

The Danish newspaper Politiken printed the following, signed by a great number of children:

The boys and girls of Denmark send greetings to the children of Wales, thanking you for your message of peace. We promise to help you as much as we can. Peace cannot be far off if we all prepare for it.

From a Masonic Girls School in Dublin came these good words:

We listened to your message on Goodwill Day and we wish to tell you we were happy and glad to hear what you said. We would like you to know that we, too, believe the world

SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIVES

The Future of Three
Protectorates

UNION ASKS FOR CONTROL OVER THEM

A recent speech by General Hertzog in the Assembly has raised again the question of the position of the Protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland.

He announced to the Assembly that his Government proposed to ask the British Government to transfer these Protectorates to the Union in accordance with certain provisions in the South Africa Act. Since the Act the transfer of these territories has been asked for, but the British Government has replied that the time is not yet ripe.

Quite apart from the fact that the natives and chiefs in these three territories are bound by treaties to this country, it is very doubtful whether they would give their consent.

What Should Be the Test

Our Government is pledged not to transfer the Protectorates without full discussion in the British Parliament and without consultation with the natives. There is no doubt that the consent of the natives should be the test.

Two of these countries, Basutoland and Swaziland, are native oases in the midst of the Union, while Bechuanaland Protectorate lies to the north. As is not the case in the Union of South Africa, the native preponderance is enormous, the figures being:

Basutoland:	Natives	500,000
	Europeans	1600
Swaziland:	Natives	110,000
	Europeans	2000
Bechuanaland:	Natives	150,000
	Europeans	1700

In each case the native chiefs administer justice to their own subjects and are responsible to a resident Governor.

There are many friends of the native races of Africa in this country who are strongly opposed to the British Government surrendering its responsibility for these territories. Would it not be better to wait until the Dominion has established a native policy which will make it quite plain that the natives run no risk of exploitation before we consent to be relieved of our responsibilities toward them?

Continued from the previous column

can be changed by beautiful thoughts, and we are trying very hard to help.

From a convent in Nyasaland in Central Africa came this expression of faith:

With the children of Wales we are full of faith that peace will one day reign over the whole Earth.

The city which came easily first was Bucharest. Illuminated replies with thousands of signatures came from the schools of this capital and other towns in Rumania.

Artistically the finest response came in the form of an album with 50 designs exquisitely executed by school pupils of Nancy in France; and for the first time there was the gift of a tree, a young evergreen oak presented by the children of Basle. This charming token of living friendship was duly planted in Welsh soil in the garden of the Urd, Aberystwyth, headquarters of the Youth Movement in Wales.

More and more Goodwill Day is being celebrated as Peace Day in many countries and many ways, not as a holiday necessarily, as world peace will come into a working world, but as an opportunity for creating and fostering international understanding and making real and clear the part that children can and will play in the future which belongs to them.

SEA-HORSES ALIVE HOW THEY CAME TO PLYMOUTH

A Little Visit To the Zoo on
the Way

AND A RIDE IN THE SKY

By a Laboratory Correspondent

Once again there are little sea-horses alive in the Plymouth Aquarium.

These have been sent from Naples as a present with some other interesting marine animals, and were brought by train to London, taken for five nights to the Zoo, and then went on by air to Plymouth, arriving in very good condition.

Last year the aquarium had two sea-horses caught just outside Plymouth Sound—a very unusual occurrence, but these new ones come from their natural home and should be very healthy. They appear to have rather differently shaped heads from the Plymouth specimens, the spine which sticks up on the snout being rather longer and the top of the head receding more.

Variable Colour

They are now enjoying themselves in a small tank provided with sea-grass round which they can coil their flexible tails. Both are about three inches long and are a dark brownish-green. The colour of sea-horses is, however, very variable, ranging through browns and greens to pinks and yellows. They are very common in the Mediterranean, but exceedingly rare in our own seas.

With the sea-horses came specimens of the beautiful Mediterranean coral Astroides. This is a colonial animal living in clusters and of a wonderfully vivid orange-red. It has a limy cup-shaped skeleton which is formed outside the animal, although in appearance inside it. The young of this coral are quite soft, and swim about freely in the sea before settling down and forming the skeleton.

A lovely deep-red sea anemone, related to the common red anemone of our rock pools, was also sent, with some interesting tube-dwelling anemones, known as Cerianthus, living in sandy tubes with exquisitely delicate tentacles emerging like a crown from the opening.

Rome's Imperial Purple

Besides all these there are several live examples of Murex trunculus, which is one of the common shells of the Mediterranean, but is not found in England. This particular Murex is interesting because it is one of the shell-fish from which the Romans obtained their red dye for the imperial purple, the Tyrian purple which was made chiefly at Tyre. The dye was obtained from a special vein behind the head of the animal. This vein, being opened, was seen to contain a colourless fluid, which, applied to the material on exposure to light, turned red and then a deep purplish red. Its discovery is supposed to date from 1400 or 1500 B.C.

One of our own common dog-whelks is another of the shell-fish which furnishes a purple dye from a vein as in Murex, and the egg capsules, which are like tiny pale yellow vases attached to the underside of rocks on our coasts, also yield the dye in abundance. Years ago the Irish peasants used this dye for colouring linens and woollens.

These shell-fish dyes are not much used now, but one may still dye cloth by means of the veins in these shells.

HER MEMORIAL

A bird-bath fountain and a drinking-trough for dogs outside her old London home at Regent's Park is to be the memorial of Mrs Drakoules.

She helped to found the Humanitarian League and stopped much cruelty to animals by lectures in Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and Rumania.

JOAN BEGBIE'S WALKS IN THE FOREST

OUR 100 MILES OF
NATURE WILD AND FREE

Rambles in the Heritage the
Conqueror Left Us

A COUNTRYSIDE BOOK FOR ALL

Walking in the New Forest. By Joan Begbie. Alexander Maclehose. 7s 6d.

Has any corner of England a greater lure than the New Forest? It has 100 square miles of magnificent country open to all. Its vast extent of hill and moor and wood is a national playground, a country of peace and quiet, yet a country stimulating an eager interest in whatever direction one may wander.

Miss Joan Begbie is one of those happy people who live on the borders of this rich heritage from our first Norman king. She has all the love of youth and its zest for life and beauty, and she has an inherited genius for saying things as they should be said, with a touch of charm and more than a touch of the surprising and the unexpected.

Comrades

In this book she takes us as her companions through the highways and byways of the county her famous father set her in. She must have tramped hundreds of miles with her good comrades, Bill the bull terrier and Mr Bundy the diminutive griffin; and how these three love this land of enchantment we know from these pages, for Miss Begbie has recorded it with eager pen. Not only in delightful anecdote has she described their doings, but in a series of admirable and lively sketches she has portrayed her companions and the forest animals they met on their journeyings. Her drawings have the movement and often the touch of quaintness characteristic of Miss Begbie's way of writing, for a rich and subtle humour is never for very long absent from her pages.

The Ideal Guide

Miss Begbie has something of that keen observation of things and of people which so distinguished her father who, as she tells us, taught her to love the forest in their walks together through its glades. She is an ideal guide; her enthusiasm for every form of wild life and every aspect of Nature is infectious. Her imagination is quickly stirred by an ancient tithe barn and by monuments that are centuries old. In a few swift words she describes them as she sees them, and fits them into their niche in history.

How delightful, for instance, is her description of Buckler's Hard and the home of Henry Adams, that master-builder of the wooden walls of England which played their part on Trafalgar Day and in other sea fights of a hundred years ago. Miss Begbie visualises the launching of one of those 74-gun vessels, with a crowd of ten thousand spectators who came by every lane and byway until they were stiff with traffic—coaches, gigs, saddle-nags, pony-shays, tumbrils, and tilt-wagons, all bound for the Hard.

A Place Among Writers

Her book is no mere guide book, nothing like that stodge. It is a book to be read by everyone who loves our countryside. Yet as a guide book it is full of everything the explorer in the New Forest longs to know, even to a list of hostels where a night's rest can be found. There is a full index, with 16 beautiful photographs which show the wealth of variety of natural scenery in the forest, as well as the vivid little sketches from Miss Begbie's own pen.

It is a rich and varied collection of walks by which Miss Begbie and her two companions have earned for themselves the freedom of the forest, as Miss Begbie herself has surely earned a place among those writers who have added to our knowledge of our native land.

They have sent round a circular to all the tobacco shops asking for a list of customers who have ceased to buy cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco. The question is what can the Government do next? It cannot compel anyone to smoke.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 19 1934

It Will Conquer Yet.

May 18—Goodwill Day

THIS is the day on which we look about and see how our little seeds of goodwill are growing in the garden of the world. Three hundred and sixty-five Goodwill Days every year in every land and the world is a happy place again.

We are not to be discouraged because the seed grows slowly. Goodwill is not like lightning; it does not come in a flash and disappear. It is like the sturdy oak growing slowly from an acorn. It grows until it is the most powerful thing in all our lives, and its business is to conquer all the powerful things against it. It must conquer the fear that is in every man, the thing that has made man afraid of something or somebody ever since men lived in caves and fought wild beasts.

Out of ages and ages of fear has sprung up a great war system which has every nation of the world within its grip. It is a trade that lives on the fear in the hearts of men. It cares nothing for the soul in man, for the simple things that make life sweet and the Earth a joy for ever. It does not believe in the still small voice, in the power of good to conquer evil. The only thing Militarism understands is tyranny and the rattling sword. It is the brute against humanity. It is force against justice. It is the bully against the gentleman.

The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. They will yet grind War to powder. It cannot be done in a day, but it will be done. It is strange how long it takes to do right in this world with so much evil, so many selfish interests, so many people who do not care. It is strange how long it has taken to kill slavery, and there are millions of slaves yet. It is strange how long it takes us to get rid of our slums. It is strange how crime goes on. It is strange how many diseases continue.

But we are not to lose our faith because Truth moves slowly, and Justice lags behind, and Freedom is in peril, and Peace seems as if it would never come again. Always justice and freedom and peace have won in the end.

The great evils of the world will not fall suddenly down. They are the most powerful forces men have ever built up, and War, living on all the little hates and fears of men everywhere, is the greatest stronghold of evil mankind has ever known. There is only one thing that will beat it: it is the little seed of Goodwill that we must spread about the world till no man is afraid of his neighbour.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



One of the Main Things

IN the House of Commons the other day there was a debate in which one honourable member admonished another honourable member in the following terms:

The hon. member has not been long enough in Parliament to know that the art of obstruction is one of the main things on which Parliament rests.

We fear it is true that in Parliament speech is used for several purposes, not all of which are good. It is used to expound, discuss, and encourage; to obscure, misrepresent, and discourage; and to obstruct.

Parliament must come to understand that these three things should be reduced to one, and one only, the discussion and furtherance of the public good.

Character is More Than Money

A MAESTEG VALLEY miner who was injured in the course of his employment became legally entitled to £150 compensation for the injuries he received. He has refused the compensation he is entitled to.

The miner was injured so much that he is no longer able to work as a miner. His wages are much less than they were because of this. But he refuses to accept anything he does not earn. And although his earnings are only 30s a week he declines the compensation.

And he remains anonymous, refusing to disclose his name or be interviewed.

Up in the Air

WE are glad the Russians have made further preparations to explore the mysteries of the upper air—the newly-called stratosphere.

We are still more glad that the exploration is to be accomplished by automatic means. A gondola or cage is to ascend by attached balloons which will burst in series at calculated heights, so that the apparatus will first go up and then safely come down. (We are reminded of the C.N. lady who defined a parachute as the thing you go up with to come down with.)

So the records will, we may hope, be achieved without risk.

The Bible in Shakespeare

DO we realise what an enormous number of sayings from the Bible enter into our ordinary talk and literature?

Bishop Wordsworth, who once wrote a book about Shakespeare and the Bible, found more than 550 Bible allusions in Shakespeare. Hamlet alone has about eighty, and not one of Shakespeare's plays seems to be without a Bible reference.

A Prayer

So guide my life as Thou
Wouldst have me live.

The Blackbird

From a Town Letter to a Country Friend

YOU are living in a pretty place, and I expect you see more of the Spring than we do, but we do get peeps of it even in London.

There is a blackbird singing, and perhaps building, in an apple tree in a little back garden near to me. There are very few grass plots in our neighbourhood, so I wonder where he gets his worms. But he is singing lustily, so God is taking care of him. Perhaps the owner of the apple tree supplements his larder.

Tip-Cat

THE country is bursting with money, says a financier. Many people would be glad of a blow out.

A WRITER thinks kind words are often more valued than money. The tip of the tongue.

TRADESMEN are fined for possessing unjust scales. Some of them say they wouldn't make a profit if they had only just scales.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If your voice
breaks when
you drop it

A MAN doesn't mind being bent with toil if he can also double his income.

NEGROES are good natured. Though they look black.

GIRLS have more finger skill than boys. Know how to hit the right nail.

THE intelligent walker, says a

motorist, walks with his head as well as his feet. And always turns up at his destination.

A DANCE ORCHESTRA complains that another orchestra has stolen its ideas. Must be a robber band.

RUBBER floors are much in use. Especially for ballrooms.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OUT of his profits from Morris cars Lord Nuffield has given to charity £500,000.

A WOKING lady has left £500 to her "priceless maid."

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS has elected the first woman as a Fellow.

A STRANGER called at a London office and left £10,000 for German Jews.

AN unknown donor of £40,000 has promised another £25,000 to St Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

JUST AN IDEA

Are we not sometimes so fussy about our own affairs that we never really see Life itself?

A Printer's Error in Herr Hitler Land

A GERMAN compositor has been feeling very sorry for himself, for prison is an uncomfortable place at the best, and to be put in prison for a sort of comma is rather trying.

Commas, as the Editor of the C.N. knows too well, are generally kept in pepper-pots and scattered regardless all over the copy before the writers send it in. The German comma was really an exclamation mark gone wrong.

The compositor was printing a form of salutation to Herr Hitler on his birthday, wishing him many more years of blessed work and personal welfare, and at the end the poor unfortunate compositor put a question mark instead of an exclamation mark. He put this ? instead of this !

The paper was printed and circulated, and then the trouble began. Storms burst over the roof, shook the middle of the newspaper office, rolling from room to room, and finally ended by bursting on the head of the poor shivering compositor who was the author of the terrible thing.

We fear somebody is sadly lacking in a sense of humour, and we dread the possibility of something of this spirit invading our own country. Then, perhaps, when we announce, say, that Lord Beaverbrook has been carried through Fleet Street crowned with Empire laurel wreaths and wearing a true black shirt, and when an unwitting printer puts a ? after it (as if to say "I don't think") instead of merely ! (as if to say "Well done"), we may be in some peril of our very lives.

The Caller at Dawn

This note concerns a small Suffolk village not often in the news.

IN London's grey streets it is the rattle of milk bottles, a far factory siren, a single post van hurrying by, the steps of someone released from night duty, and other small human sounds, which call the dawn.

We wonder what our old friend Pheasant would think of such strange morning music, for in the heart of Suffolk from where we lately came he is sole Monarch of the Dawn. Before a vestige of light comes, and when all is still as midnight, suddenly he lifts his voice with its peculiar metallic call, and then, in about a minute, a little bird chirps, and another, singly before the chorus begins. But never a note starts until friend Pheasant has given the signal—never, never a note.

Old Chanticleer may call the day to wake away in France, and also in parts of England, but in one secluded place in Suffolk it is Old Pheasant's power which stirs the Sun from his cloudy bed. His voice it is which makes the world turn in its sleep and open its eyes.

What would happen without his clear, clacking Caw, Caw as he shakes his wings and bids the stars begone we dare not imagine.

A CAPTAIN CALLS AT TRISTAN DA CUNHA

167 LONELY FOLK

Queer Little Edinburgh of the South Atlantic

LATEST NEWS FROM THE ISLANDERS

By the Captain of the French cruiser
Jeanne d'Arc

The little island of Tristan da Cunha, which expects to have at best two callers in a year, has reached its quota for this year already with one French ship and, some weeks later, a British one.

The British ship, however, found the island hidden in mist and had not the splendid view of it described for us in this article by the Captain of the Jeanne d'Arc, the first French vessel to touch at the island for fifty years.

The training cruiser Jeanne d'Arc was on her way from Cape Town to South America. Favoured by fair weather rare in these parts she was able to call on the inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha.

Fantasy and Unreality

In these days it is difficult to imagine life in so isolated a place as this, the largest of a group of islands, 1900 miles from Cape Town and over 2500 from Buenos Aires, having no connection with the rest of the world by cable or wireless.

Shaped like the trunk of an immense cone, rent by ravines, with abrupt cliffs 1000 feet high, it is dominated by a peak of some 6000 feet, generally encircled by rings of floating cloud out of which the top of the mountain proudly raises its head. An impression of fantasy and unreality is stamped on the minds of all who have seen the island at a distance.

A Refuge For Sailors

For nearly three centuries after its discovery in 1506 by the Portuguese admiral whose name it bears it was a refuge for sailors overtaken by the storms for which the South Atlantic is renowned. England annexed the islands in 1816, and when the garrison stationed here for a short time was removed Corporal Glass, at his own request, remained with his wife and two children and two masons who had been brought over to build the barracks. Eleven years later five coloured women and others from the Cape joined them, and later in the century came more immigrants, and an Italian was wrecked on the island. In spite of intermarriages the English type definitely predominates. In spite also of periods of great difficulty the inhabitants refuse to leave their island.

When the Jeanne d'Arc called there were 167 inhabitants. We counted about 40 low-built thatched houses grouped together and surrounded with stone walls to protect the poor gardens from the fierce squalls. This little collection is called Edinburgh, in memory of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1867.

Delightful Cascades

The people grow potatoes and a few other vegetables. They breed a few cows, sheep, and poultry, and there are more or less wild pigs. They hunt penguins, but are specially keen on catching seals and sea elephants, whose oil serves for lighting purposes and with whose skins, for want of wood, they cover their boats. They think nothing of going fishing or hunting in these frail boats to Inaccessible Island, 25 miles away, or even to Nightingale Island, twice as far. Grass and a kind of brushwood are plentiful, though timber is scarce. Water is happily abundant, and flows down the mountains in delightful cascades.

We handed mails and various supplies to the Chief, Peter Repetto, a descendant of the shipwrecked Italian, who with two officers rules the island. They and the other men rowed out to us, bringing with them all kinds of things made by the inhabitants in polished horn, seal-skin, plumage, and so on. These they bartered with the Jeanne d'Arc crew for

WHY MUST THESE THINGS BE?

CHARLES LAMB's idea of a Chinese burning down his house to roast a pig is nothing to the idea of burning a common to prevent it being burned.

Do we realise, we wonder, that some of the commons entrusted to public care are regularly burned off to prevent their being fired by accident?

This is a very simple remedy, the implications of which do not seem to have been borne in upon the minds of those who practise it.

It is obvious that we can prevent anyone from burning down our house by burning it down ourselves, but such a cure hardly appeals to common sense.

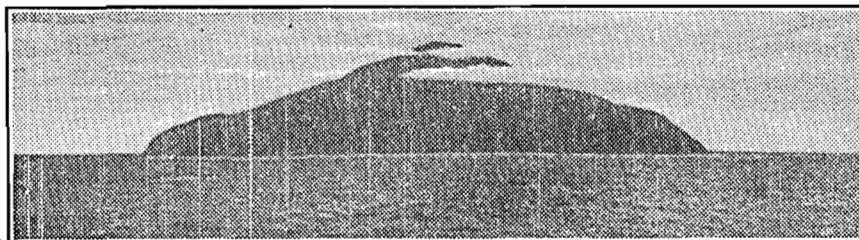
Ludshott Common in Hampshire, near Hindhead, is a case in point. It is (or was) a charming spot, very dear to the

heart of Gilbert White of Selborne. It once housed many lovely creatures, including the rare Dartford Warbler. Now the official burnings have so effectually cleared the common of trees and bushes that the birds have fled.

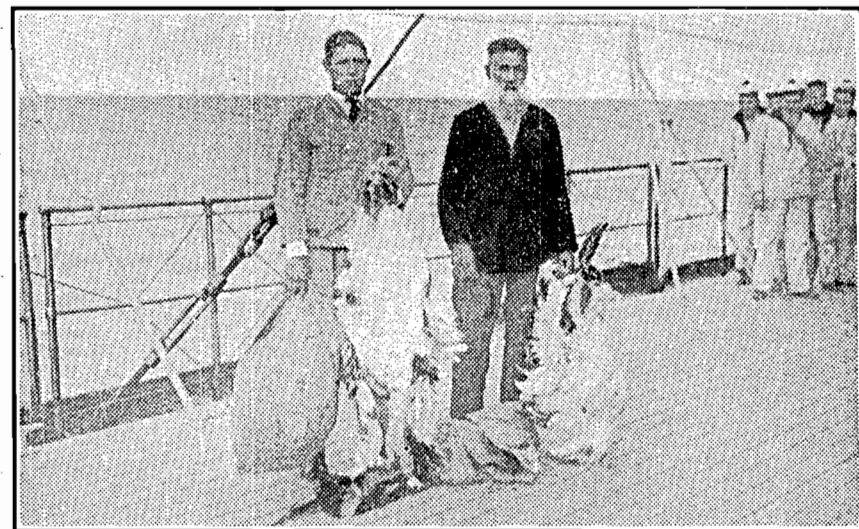
Why does authority not only permit but encourage such outrages? Parliament charged the National Trust, by special Act, with the duty of preserving not only natural beauty but natural life. The bird societies are up in arms against the burning policy, and we trust it will soon be ended.

The proper way to safeguard a common from fire is to cut fire-belts and to employ intelligent caretakers. Often Boy Scouts can be enlisted to do watching duty on high days and holidays.

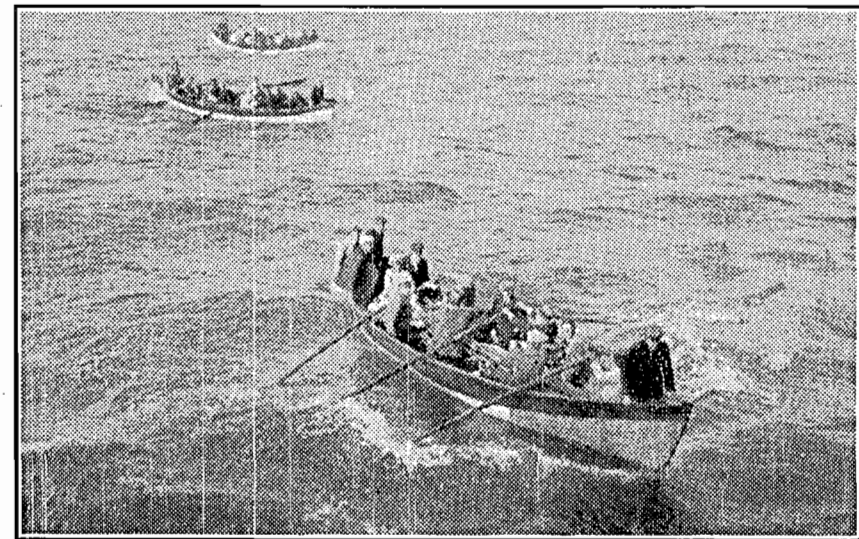
A CALL AT THE LONELIEST ISLAND



Tristan da Cunha



Peter Repetto (left), Chief of the Island, on the Jeanne d'Arc



Islanders rowing to meet the cruiser

These pictures were taken when the French cruiser Jeanne d'Arc called at the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic. The captain tells the story on this page.

Continued from the previous column

warm clothing, tobacco, and sweets. It was amusing yet touching to watch these transactions, primitive as in the dawn of history.

After some hours we said Goodbye, and the island mail of simple letters of thanks to outside benefactors was handed over to us. They have no postage stamps, but Tristan da Cunha written on the envelopes serves to frank them to their destination.

As the cruiser slowly left the bay all the women and girls in their finery came down to the beach in a gaily-coloured

band to meet the menfolk coming back to land. All stood looking out toward the cruiser, evidently talking excitedly.

The last rays of a splendid sunset lit with an almost supernatural light this shining green island, the little houses, and the British flag floating from its carefully repainted mast. Nothing was left in shadow, neither the old woman at her cottage door nor the flaxen-haired girl shepherding her geese in the fields.

Suddenly, as in a dream, all the details of this tiny world vanished into twilight. Only the sombre mass of the peak with its necklet of cloud remained visible.

THE FILIPINOS FREE ISLAND INDEPENDENCE FOR THE FIRST TIME

Enthusiasm of a People Now Becoming a Nation

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GIFT OF FREEDOM

The Filipinos have received with enthusiasm the news that America is giving them independence unfettered by the retention of their wonderful islands as American naval bases. Former offers of independence have not been welcomed because of such conditions, but President Roosevelt has now offered independence with no conditions at all.

The Filipinos are a gifted people of Malayan stock, although the aboriginal inhabitants are the Negritos, a race of pygmies now chiefly found in the island of Negros.

Glorious Scenery

The Philippine Islands form a magnificent and fertile territory of about 115,000 square miles. The islands and islets number over 7000 and lie north-east of Borneo. Their scenery is glorious, for they are traversed by great mountain ranges. They are rich in metals and other raw materials.

Mindanao, the biggest of the islands, has a mountain peak 10,300 feet high, the extinct volcano Apo. Manila, the capital, is on the north, in the island of Luzon, and has a 16th-century cathedral and many other fine Spanish buildings; it has a population of about 275,000 and many flourishing industries. The total population is now about 12,500,000, and is increasing rapidly.

The Filipinos, now soon for the first time to be an independent self-governing people, have a long and chequered history. Magellan, the intrepid Portuguese navigator who entered the service of Spain and was the first European to sail the Pacific, which he named, reached the Philippine Islands in March 1521, and a month later was killed in a skirmish with the natives. His gallant company, reduced to a single ship, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and returned to Spain, the first to complete a voyage round the world.

The Filipino Rebellion

Spain annexed the islands in 1569, and although they were occupied by the British in 1762 they remained Spanish until 1898, when they were added to the United States after the American victory over Spain.

The Filipinos were in revolt against Spanish rule before the Spanish-American War of 1898, and were led by the brave Aguinaldo. He fought with the Americans in the war, but opposed them after their victory, proving himself a formidable foe. He was captured in 1901, but his surrender did not end the movement for independence, which has now been happily achieved.

We all wish this fine people prosperity in their newly-won nationhood.

MILK FACTORIES

The Milk Marketing Board has decided to avail itself of its remarkable powers to help dairy farmers by establishing its own factories for the purpose of producing milk products.

Mr Sidney Foster, the general manager of the Board, has told the National Farmers Union that the Board has decided to produce butter, cheese, and condensed milk in areas that are not already served by factories.

Dairy farmers have paid a levy of a farthing a gallon to the Board, and expenses have amounted to less than one-tenth of a penny, so that the Board has money enough to establish two factories.

SOMETHING NEW TO THINK ABOUT

NEW ZEALAND'S TRADE WITH THE MOTHERLAND

Why the Government Cannot Make It Free

AN EMPIRE PROBLEM

Out of the new conditions of trade, now that we are a Protectionist Country, has arisen a very important matter for us all to think about.

From New Zealand has come a trade proposal which raises anew the whole question of Imperial Trade; and it is important that we should all understand the bearings of the matter on our trade at home and abroad.

At the end of October the Governor-General of New Zealand telegraphed to the Home Government: "There is a widespread belief on the part of producers in New Zealand that if we undertook a drastic reduction or removal of New Zealand protective tariffs on United Kingdom goods, the British Government would guarantee the continuance of unrestricted entry of New Zealand primary products."

Reasons For Saying No

Here was a plain suggestion of Free Trade, or something near it, made to the Mother Country from a British self-governing Dominion.

Our Government, after some months of consideration, has said No to New Zealand, its reasons being:

1. British agriculture must be cherished and protected in a planned economy of development.
2. We are an industrial country and must cherish our exports of manufactures. Therefore, we cannot take such steps against foreign suppliers of primary products as would lead foreign countries to retaliate against our manufactures.

The Ottawa Arrangement

At the Ottawa Conference, it will be remembered, a temporary arrangement was made by which the Dominions enjoy Free Trade in our Home Market until August 1935. The Dominions look forward anxiously to what policy is then to be adopted. Hence the New Zealand suggestion to offer us better terms if only we will continue to grant her the Free Trade in our ports she enjoys now.

The system of Tariff Protection is bound to raise these acute issues. If Protection is promised to the British farmer it is useless to make vague promises also to the Dominions. It is the cheap and good mutton, lamb, butter, and cheese now pouring in from the Dominions which the British farmer fears.

We cannot at the same time give Protection to the British farmer and Free Trade to the Dominion farmer. While England was a Free Trade country the position of the Dominion exporter was clear; now that we have adopted Protection the Dominion exporter becomes a difficult factor.

The Population Factor

The Dominions must realise that we cannot cut ourselves off from foreign trade to have dealings solely with them. The total white populations of the Dominions are now about:

Canada	10,000,000
Newfoundland	300,000
Australia	6,600,000
New Zealand	1,550,000
South Africa	1,900,000
Total	20,350,000

It is quite impossible to restrict the ambit of our exports to about four million white families, and we cannot aim such tariffs at foreign nations as would cut us off from foreign commerce. The best we can do, after adopting Protection as we have done, and having regard to home, imperial, and foreign markets, is to endeavour to satisfy the

CALIFORNIA'S GREAT PAGEANT

A PLAY IN A CANYON

The Tragic Love-Story of Ramona and Her Husband

PLEA FOR THE AMERICAN INDIAN

California's classic romance, the tragic love-story of the beautiful Ramona and her Indian husband, has been drawing thousands of spectators to a natural amphitheatre in the hills near San Jacinto for the eleventh successive year.

Over 50 years ago Helen Hunt Jackson wrote the story of Ramona, partly based on the true life-story of a Spanish girl of Southern California, as a timely plea against the great national unfairness toward the American Indian.

The pageant is presented without the use of any artificial properties in the great Ramona Bowl, which was chosen for its remarkable acoustics.

A Fine Background

A replica of the beautiful Camulos ranch hacienda of Ramona's people has been built in the bowl, and there are 10,000 concrete seats for spectators. Otherwise the canyon is left in its natural state, the snow-capped mountains providing a fine background.

The parts of Ramona and Alessandro are taken by two of America's best actors, but the 200 other parts are played by people of San Jacinto.

Last year more than 40,000 attended the six performances. Not only from all parts of America, but from several other countries spectators are coming this year to witness the stirring pageant of Spanish California history in which Ramona and her Indian husband are pursued to a tragic end by white men.

Continued from the previous column

home producer, to give the Dominion exporter a marginal advantage in selling here, and to make the best terms with foreign nations that are consistent with the first two objects.

If anyone imagines that these three things can be achieved easily he has not studied the elements of the case. It bristles with difficulties.

Those who advocated Protection for the British manufacturers alone, forgetting that the British farmer would have something to say, now find how much they were mistaken.

If there is any truth at all in the doctrine of Protection the British farmer has the best right to its application; yet now, promised the shelter of a tariff, he finds the Dominions overwhelming him with cheap and excellent produce.

Enormous increases in output have been made by the Dominion producers in the last few years. Thus, New Zealand in the present butter season is producing 168,000 tons; two seasons ago she produced 104,000 tons. Most of this has to be exported. New Zealand is faced with the problem, if we will not take her butter, of either cutting down production or finding foreign markets.

In our view no part of the Empire should seek to delimit the trade of any other part, any more than one member of a family should seek to confine the trade of any other member. More important still it is to oppose any permanent policy of cutting down output to put up prices.

The chief problem is one of distribution. Consumption must be encouraged and increased to meet scientific and liberal supply. Plenty must not be checked.

Let the Government set up Boards of Supply, charged with big dealings in the primary commodities. We have done this in War with marvellous success; why not in Peace?

WHAT OF THE AIRSHIP?

ONE MAN'S 50 ATLANTIC FLIGHTS

The Safety of Heavy-Oil Engines and Helium Gas GIRDLING THE EARTH

Is the airship to have a future as a serious means of transport?

In our country we have heard very little of this type of aircraft since the terrible accident to R101 more than three years ago. In America, though last year the huge dirigible Akron was wrecked with the loss of 80 lives, they go on building airships, and so do Russia and Germany.

Five years ago the Graf Zeppelin was launched, and this splendid ship maintains a regular service each spring and autumn between Europe and South America. Her designer and commander, Dr Hugo Eckener, has made 50 Atlantic crossings by air in all sorts of weather, and he is so convinced that airships can maintain a reliable service and can be made to pay that he is having a bigger ship built for the Atlantic service.

Through the Storms

In the course of Graf Zeppelin's many trips winds of 50 to 80 miles an hour have been encountered, but so beautifully is the ship designed that passengers were hardly aware that they were passing through a storm. Lightning, too, has been encountered without dire results; but when the commander finds that he is flying into a stormy area he changes course and flies round it whenever possible.

Many planes on the airways have comfortable passenger accommodation for journeys of a few hours duration, but the dirigible has no rival in the air when longer journeys are concerned. In the airship there is room to walk about, from dining saloon to lounge, and so on; and sleeping accommodation is comfortable, so that passengers fly on through the night instead of alighting to spend the night on land.

The 50 Atlantic trips of Dr Eckener, who is not by any means a young man, are a wonderful demonstration of the safety and comfort of airship travel.

Dr Eckener, in addition to his present service, proposes another from Rio de Janeiro to Europe, by way of Washington; and another from the United States to the Dutch East Indies, calls to be made at a junction in the Pyrenees and in Egypt.

Four Ships Needed

Four big ships would be sufficient to maintain these services. Each would have a speed of 80 miles an hour, and would be driven by engines running on heavy oil, which is so much safer than petrol, while helium gas would be used instead of the highly-inflammable hydrogen, which has served for so long.

If such a vessel could operate on the South American service with its full complement of 50 passengers, half a ton of mails, and 15 to 20 tons of freight, it could do so with a profit of £1000 for each single trip, making 40 trips in a year. The cost of the four ships and their bases and the working capital necessary would involve nearly three and a half millions.

Dr Eckener maintains that as soon as people realise the safety of airship travel it can be made a paying proposition.

It is quite likely, however, that before many years have passed the world will be girdled with a series of airship routes, with aeroplanes acting as feeders from numerous outlying places.

THE FOLLY CONTINUES

Brazil is still busy destroying her coffee crop.

The figures up to last month as given by the National Coffee Department add up to the stupendous total of 26,561,000 bags of coffee destroyed.

A NATION'S BREAK WITH ITS PAST

THE NEW AUSTRIA

Whence Do These Drastic Powers Come?

FREE HAND FOR FORCE

Nearly fifteen months ago the elected Austrian Parliament was suspended.

On April 30, the Socialist members having been imprisoned or driven under, the Parliament was called together again, a shadow of its elected self, to vote its own destruction.

This was done after a deputy had protested that there was no quorum (the name given to the number of members necessary to give legal sanction to the Assembly's acts). It was ruled that, as Socialists no longer counted as members, there was a quorum!

A Courageous Protest

A courageous minority entered protest, and something of what they said deserves to be put on record.

We protest against the unconstitutional restriction of liberty, against the mass persecution of innocent men, women, and children, against the system of hostages and concentration camps, and against the spies and informers who are undermining the morality of the nation.

We protest against today's meeting of Parliament with its object of legalising twelve months of illegalities, of approving a dictated Constitution, the contents of which no one in this House knows and which has to give the Government carte blanche to pass unknown laws.

Chancellor Dollfuss made no reply, and in a few minutes the skeleton Parliament formally approved and legalised the 471 decrees which had been made by the dictatorship. The last of these decrees, thus accepted, set up:

1. A New Constitution, and
2. Gave the dictatorship a free hand to rule while the new order was being organised.

Then the flag of Parliament was pulled down, and Austria became formally a Fascist State.

Four Councils

It is well that our own people should realise how swiftly such momentous changes can be accomplished. It took centuries of struggle and reform to make Parliaments; we see them ended in an hour.

The Austrian Dictatorship opens its new written Constitution with the words, "In the name of God Almighty, from whom all law emanates, the Austrian people receives its Constitution as a Christian, German, and Federal State on a Corporative Basis." It is difficult to detect divine inspiration in decrees that claim a free hand for force.

For an elected Parliament Austria now receives by decree a non-elected Federal Diet composed of members nominated by four great Councils, in their turn consisting of nominated members. These Four Councils are:

Council of State. Consisting of 40 or 50 "citizens of merit and character."

Council of Intellect. Consisting of 30 or 40 members representing religion, education, and the arts.

Economic Council. Consisting of 70 or 80 delegates of the seven great professional Guilds.

Council of Provinces. Consisting of the governors and finance ministers of the Provinces.

The seven Guilds are to be set up on the Italian model, each consisting of the members (employers and employed) of a great branch of work. The Chancellor in the meantime will govern with a free hand.

The new Constitution was drafted by a Minister named Ender; truly he has ended much.

Austria's official colours are now red and white, blazoned with a double-headed eagle.

May 19, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

9

PEASANT FOLK OF A GREAT BRITISH FILM OF THE ROCKY ISLE OF ARAN



The Man of Aran, Tiger King



Mother and son in the film



Michael Dillane, a fisher-boy



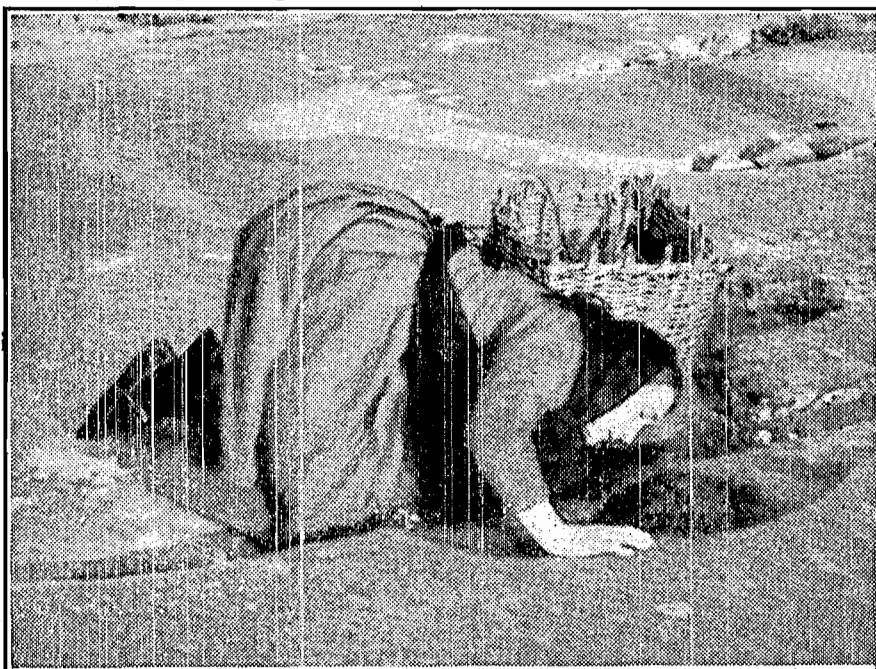
Michael goes fishing



The Man of Aran's wife and baby



Tiger King at work



Collecting earth from crevices in the rock



Two happy old Islanders of Aran

The town-dweller does not realise that there are people in these islands whose life is an unceasing fight against Nature at her wildest. This fact is vividly brought home to us by the remarkable Gainsborough film *Man of Aran*, made by Mr Robert Flaherty on the little island off the west coast of Ireland. It shows how the hardy islanders win a living from the Atlantic and from their rocky home, where potatoes must be grown in poulded limestone mixed with seaweed and soil laboriously gathered from crevices in the rocks. The picture is at present being shown in London.

BROTHER GARDENERS

AN OLD PEACE STORY FROM A WAR

The Catalogue Which Saved a French Chateau From Ruin

IMPROVEMENTS BY THE ENEMY

It happened over sixty years ago during the Franco-Prussian War, but it is really a peace story, and as such we like to remember it today.

The Prussians had forced their way into the chateau of a certain M. Dambry to find it deserted. The family and servants had fled, taking with them what they could carry; but before leaving they had hurriedly filled several boxes with jewellery and silver plate and had hidden them in the hothouses in the garden.

But all the magnificent furniture of the chateau, the old mirrors, the clocks, and quantities of other precious things were left, and after a discussion between the officers it was decided that they would divide up everything which could be sent to their homes in Germany and set fire to the rest. Wagons were found in the little town, and the moving began.

A Lover of Flowers

But while all this was going on one of the German officers, a major, was walking through the gardens, smiling with satisfaction at all he saw, and every now and then nodding his head in approval, muttering: "That is good; that is very good."

The major was not only a lover of flowers and colours and sweet scents, but also a learned botanist and a distinguished horticulturist, owning noted plantations in Hanover on the banks of the River Leine. Three years before, at the great Universal Exhibition in Paris, he had exhibited the chief products of his gardens, including a rich collection of what we call everlasting flowers. These won for him a gold medal.

Among the Orchids

Continuing his stroll through the gardens the officer entered the first hothouse and found himself among all the strange shapes which Nature has given to the family of orchids. The second glasshouse was no less interesting with its extraordinary cactus collection. But when the major reached the third of these houses he saw to his astonishment a field of everlasting flowers of all shades, even more beautiful than his own remarkable collection. Here, far away from Hanover, in the so-called enemy's land, he had found the choicest flowers of his garden. He felt at home and was happy.

His amazement increased when he found on a shelf the complete German catalogue of his own plants, and read on the first page: Presented to M. B., French horticulturist. Souvenir of the Universal Exhibition of 1867.

The inscription was in his own handwriting, and he remembered that he had indeed given his catalogue to a French exhibitor who had a neighbouring stand at the exhibition, and who must have been head gardener here.

Stopping the Pillage

Then suddenly the major realised what would be happening up at the chateau. He ran out of the hothouse and shouted to the pillaging soldiers:

"Stop! It is forbidden to carry away a single thing from this property."

Then he searched for the officers and said to them:

"I know the owner of this chateau. His head gardener is my colleague, my friend. I must insist that his property is respected. I beg you to allow me this right."

Quantities of things had already been carried off, but the major had them put back; materials ready for burning the place down he had taken away again. The Prussian soldiers proved not sufficiently careful of their surroundings;

CRYSTAL PALACES

Is the Glass Age Coming?

Enthusiastic glassmakers tell us we are approaching an Age of Glass.

However that may be, there is no doubt of the increased use of glass in building. Yet we are not long removed from times when Governments deprived their citizens of light in their homes by imposing window taxes, and it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that plate-glass windows came into general use.

The Ideal Home Exhibitions at Olympia have increasingly shown a tendency to increase the size of domestic windows, and houses are being designed whose windows sweep round corners, giving views to all points of the horizon, a fact which excites the wish that our cities permitted a view of more than bricks and mortar.

Admitting the Sun's Rays

Factory design is recognising the great importance of lighting work by freely admitting the Sun's cheap and neglected rays. Most of the modern factories devote no small part of their wall area to windows. Here and there glass industrial buildings are beginning to appear which remind us of the famous Crystal Palace. The Dunstan Power Station in Northumberland has walls which are entirely of glass above a plinth of about ten feet; and there is, of course, a very ugly glass newspaper office in Fleet Street.

Another glass development is in the formation of interior partitions. Walls of polished glass can effectively divide workplaces into various areas while flooding them all with light. Glass is manufactured for such purposes with an embedded strong wire mesh to protect it from breakage.

SEEING INSIDE US

Watching a Heart Go Pit-a-Pat

Our doctors have been having a cinematograph demonstration on their own, and the pictures on the screen have surely been the most astounding ever projected.

They have shown the beating of the heart, the working of the lungs, and other hidden mechanisms within the body, and the movement of the joints.

The explanation of the mystery is that the films were taken by X-ray cinematography, a science which has been developed by Dr Russel Reynolds of London and Dr Robert Janker of Bonn in Germany. It is true that in 1896, shortly after Röntgen's discovery, a Scottish doctor made an X-ray film, but the technical difficulties were so great that nothing more was done. Dr Reynolds took up the subject in 1921 and has produced a comparatively cheap and simple apparatus for clinical work, while Dr Janker has evolved a more elaborate apparatus for scientific research.

It may be that in the future the stethoscope will become a museum object, Röntgen's amazing discovery enabling the doctor to see rather than hear what is wrong inside us.

Continued from the previous column

he had them replaced by Hanoverians. For three weeks he was there, and during that time he turned several of his soldiers into garden boys, and when his company left he had painted in large German letters all round the walls of the estate the words: Forbidden to plunder.

Great was the surprise of the owner and his gardener when they returned after the armistice to find, instead of ruin, everything as they left it and even improvements made in the garden; but the mystery was explained when, a few weeks later, a German visitor was announced at the chateau. It was the major, who had made use of his first holidays to travel from Hanover to see his friend, to congratulate him on his splendid collection, and to make sure that everything was well at the chateau.

BE BRITISH

A WORD TO OUR MANUFACTURERS

Good Reputation Damaged By Want of Care

BAD WORKMANSHIP

They are not good friends of British work who refuse to open their eyes to the fact that in some directions the British manufacturer is not doing his best even in these hard days, and we pass on these notes from a correspondent who calls attention to some bad cases.

If we take hardware, which covers an enormous variety of goods, we find that many British productions are beyond reproach; but the ironmonger shops too often contain goods that do not recommend themselves. To give a few instances, we hear of a spade which cost a workman 5s 6d and broke in half the first time it was used.

Rubbish locks and other house fastenings are only too common.

Some Notable Examples

Wire-cutters are sold of which the handles are so badly finished that they inflict severe wounds on those who try to use them. An example before us acts at the handle end as a pair of cutting shears which have had to be bound up to make the tool useful. Wire-netting is sent out uncrated, so that it arrives with its edges bent and spoiled, making it difficult to fix. Enamelled ware is sent out badly finished; in a case before us the handle of a jug is so rough that it hurts the hand to hold it. Galvanised articles are too often covered with such a thin coat of zinc that they become rusty almost as soon as put into use.

It is of great importance that goods should be supplied ready for use. To take the case of roof felting, in an American example the felt is supplied in a roll contained in a protecting case, and is sent out with a sufficiency of good felt nails and cement to join lapping edges. Thus, when the user receives the felt he has the complete outfit for his roof.

Where America Leads

We have never seen this done in this country. The felt, the cement, and the nails have to be bought separately, and the user often does not know the right cement. It is wasteful to buy odd quantities of material, and the American method gives just what is wanted.

Surely bicycle-makers would be wise to send out a machine completely equipped for the road. What is done is to supply a tiny wallet containing a badly-made and absurdly small oilcan and two spanners stamped out of such thin metal that it hurts the hand to use them. Neither bell nor lamp is supplied.

The bicycle-maker who wants to capture trade should surely send his machine out complete, together with a good lamp, a good bell, and a good reasonably-sized strongly-made wallet containing spanners that can be comfortably used and a well-made oilcan. In a case before us the oilcan supplied with a first-class bicycle costing nearly £9 is about the size of a half-crown, and so roughly made that its cost of production must at the outside be less than three-pence. The spanners supplied with the same machine hurt the hand in use.

In the Brick Trade

Another instance of negligence is afforded by the brick trade. We have magnificent brick earth, and there is no excuse for the production of bad bricks; indeed, their output ought to be stopped by law. We have many first-class brickmakers whose productions are not only hard and enduring but good to look at. On the other hand we have still with us brickmakers who are not ashamed to sell bricks which flake in frost. We have had before us the case of some good-class houses that have been built with bricks so poor in quality that they peel away in layers every winter.

HUNGARY'S GREAT CONQUEROR

A SEARCH FOR HIS TOMB

An Old Chronicle's Hint Where It Lies

ST STEPHEN AND HIS CROWN

There is a throne in Europe kept deliberately vacant until the nation can feel sufficient confidence in its future to elect a king to occupy it.

There is a crown too, one of the most famous crowns in the world, the crown the Pope had specially made to adorn the head of a king a thousand years ago. The nation is Hungary, and the king who first wore the crown was Stephen.

Stephen lived in a castle on the hills above the Danube now covered by Budapest. It was probably the very castle built by his ancestor Arpad when, with his fierce comrades and their host of followers, he swept across the Carpathians and settled on the fertile lands we now know as Hungary. Each leader built a little fortress on a hill, as the Normans did when they stretched their hands over Saxon England.

Where Arpad Was Buried

Its chieftains were Magyars, and the strange thing is that their chosen leader Arpad built his fortress from the ruins of the castle of Attila the Hun. Here Arpad died in 907 and here he was buried. But there is little doubt that when his descendants were firmly established, as kings who had adopted Christianity, they did honour to Arpad and gave him a worthy tomb.

King Stephen, indeed, could not have forgotten Arpad had he wished. Stephen had forced the wilder leaders of his nation to accept Christianity, he brought Italian monks and settled them within walls of small German communities, encouraged by him as a civilising influence. He did these things so that his son might succeed to a kingdom worthy to take its place among the civilised kingdoms of 11th-century Europe. But the son died, and the succession was claimed by men who based their right on their direct descent from the great Arpad.

A Clever Unknown

Now King Bela, who flourished 100 years after King Stephen, had a very clever notary, whose name has never been known, but whose chronicle tells the story of the early rulers of Hungary. He states that after the conversion of the Magyars to Christianity a building called the White Church was erected over the spot where Arpad was buried. It was near a little brook which flowed in a stone bed to the town of Attila.

Antiquaries have been digging for many years seeking traces of Stephen's little town. They are certain that O-Buda, a suburb of Budapest, is the site of the castle and the White Church built over the bones of his ancestor.

This year the city authorities are to begin excavating in an endeavour to find the tomb itself and to learn something about the old fortress in which Arpad began that long succession of kings which ruled for a thousand years on the Danube.

Continued from the previous column

As for houses the instances of bad building are so numerous that one feels sorry for people of moderate means who are induced to buy some of the constructions offered for sale. As for furniture one purchaser of a sideboard found the back had been formed out of sugar-boxes; the stamping on the sugar-boxes had not been planed off and revealed the source of the wood that had been used.

The great majority of British manufacturers employ good materials and pay attention to the details of design and the wants of users; all the more need to stamp out the bad work which does so much harm to our reputation.

THE CELESTIAL LYRE SEVEN STARS AS ITS STRINGS

Only Musical Instrument of the
Heavens Symbolised By a Bird

MARVELS OF LYRA

By the C.N. Astronomer

The only musical instrument represented by the stars is Lyra, the Lyre, a charming little constellation, whose beautiful star Vega is the brightest in the Northern Hemisphere.

Lyra is just now to be found high up in the eastern sky as soon as it is dark enough. Each of its seven chief stars represents a string of the harp, while several faint outlying stars indicate the frame of that instrument.

Long before the Greek story of Apollo's gift of the Lyre to Orpheus to rescue his lost bride Eurydice from Pluto this constellation had been known to the Phoenicians as a lyre.

To the still more ancient Chaldeans Lyra appears to have been a bird. To the Chaldeans everything symbolised in the heavens was an animated being excepting Argo, the Ark or Ship. Music has ever been associated with birds, and so it came about in remote times that this constellation represented both.

The brilliant Vega by its name now symbolises the bird of the ancients.



The chief stars of Lyra

It is always to be seen in some part of the sky, though in winter evenings it is low down in the north. The piercing bluish light of this star is quite distinctive from the golden Arcturus far to the right.

Vega is a glorious sun radiating 59 times more light than our Sun, but from a distance of 1,700,000 times as far. As this distance is being reduced by about 500 miles every minute Vega will appear brighter in the course of ages. The reduction in distance is accounted for by the fact that our world, together with the entire Solar System, is speeding toward a point a little to the south-east of Vega at about 750 miles a minute.

Two other most striking stars are Beta and Gamma. These are of third magnitude. Gamma, at a distance of 296 light-years, or nearly eleven times farther than Vega, is a giant sun radiating nearly 500 times more light than our Sun.

Beta, at a distance of 233 light-years, is composed of two great suns which, owing to their proximity to one another, are egg shaped. This results from their gravitational pull upon each other, their surfaces being almost in contact. So, like two colossal and radiant eggs with their pointed ends almost together, these suns whirl ceaselessly round at terrific speed, completing a revolution in 12 days 21 hours 47 minutes.

Singular Variations of Light

They happen to be so placed that one alternately gets in front of the other, when not only is one hidden but they are presented endwise and appear smaller; moreover, one sun is larger than the other. In consequence singular variations occur in the light of Beta.

While normally about as bright as Gamma, that is 3.3 magnitude, Beta will first decline to 3.9; then, in the course of seven days, will brighten to 3.4; then, during the next three days, Beta will drop to 4.5 magnitude, appearing very much fainter than Gamma. Another three days will see it back again at its original brilliance.

Other marvels of this constellation must be reserved for a succeeding issue, so the star-map should be kept for reference.

G. F. M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

The Passing of Gladstone

MAY 19

William Ewart Gladstone, by general consent the greatest statesman of the Victorian age and one of its greatest orators, passed away on May 19, 1898. This glowing tribute to his memory appeared in Punch.

When shall England mould again
This type of splendour past?

Noble in triumph, noble in defeat,
Leader of hopes that others held
forlorn,
Strong in the faith that looks afar to
meet

The flush of Freedom's morn:

Could we, Her own, forget you to our
shame,
Lands that have lived to see Her
risen sun,
Remembering much, should witness
how your name
And Freedom's name are one.

But we shall not forget, nor Time
eraze

Your record deep in England's annals
set:

What severance marred your labour's
closing days
Alone we shall forget.

And now, with all your armour laid
aside,

Swift eloquence your sword, and, for
your shield,

The indomitable courage that defied
The fortune of the field:

As in the noontide of your high
command,

So in the final hour when darkness fell,
Submissive still to that untiring
Hand

That orders all things well:

We bear you to your resting-place
apart

Between the ranks where ancient
foe and friend,

Kin by a common sorrow at the heart,
Silent together bend.

NEW ZEALAND'S FLAG Unfurled 100 Years Ago

It is a hundred years since the first unfurling of New Zealand's national flag.

A hundred years ago, when New Zealand was not officially British, Mr James Busby, who was British Resident at the Bay of Islands, felt that the Maoris should be encouraged to form an independent nation with a flag of their own.

A Council of 30 Maori chiefs was called to decide on a pattern. They chose a flag somewhat similar to the New Zealand ensign of today. This national standard was unfurled on March 20, 1834, and was saluted with 21 guns by H.M.S. Alligator.

After New Zealand officially became a part of the British Empire the flag adopted was one with a Union Jack in one quarter and four stars forming the Southern Cross on a blue ground.

GOOD NEWS FROM BRYMBO

When the Brymbo steelworks near Wrexham closed down three years ago there were many sighs, because it meant that the whole of the menfolk in Brymbo would be out of work.

Now there is good news; the works are opening again. A special service of thanksgiving was held in Brymbo Parish Church, perhaps the happiest thing the Brymbo folk could have done.

Already 500 men have started work and another 500 will start shortly.

TWO GIRAFFES FOR WHIPSNADE MAUDIE IN A MUFFLER

Lion Cubs Returning To
Regent's Park

STORY OF A BOBBED TAIL

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Whipsnade is now making preparations for the arrival of another new attraction. A house heated by electricity is being built in the neighbourhood of Cut Thro' It Wood, and if all goes well the giraffe is to be represented in the country zoo this summer.

A pair of young giraffes are waiting in South Africa to be shipped to this country, and it is hoped to exhibit these two animals in the open air on warm days. But owing to the length of the giraffe's neck only young specimens can be imported and they are delicate creatures, particularly so in their youth.

Their house will be well heated, and when it is too cold for them to go out of doors they will have to give up the joys of wandering about a spacious paddock; but even if there is a hard winter they will have to remain in the country.

A Trying Journey

Unlike the pigmy hippos, who spend the summer at Whipsnade and retire to Regent's Park with the arrival of autumn, the giraffes' necks will again make it impossible for them to journey backward and forward. Once at Whipsnade they will have to stay there.

The journey to this country is a trying experience for a giraffe. For these creatures are bad sailors, they easily catch cold, and the combined effects of sea-sickness and chilly weather are liable to prove too much for them.

When Maudie reached the Zoo she was suffering from a severe cold, and her travelling companion, who was to have accompanied her to the menagerie, died of sickness about two days before the ship arrived.

Maudie was nursed carefully, and for days she wore a coat and had a muffler swathed round her throat. It was fortunate that she was a sweet-tempered animal, otherwise her keeper could not have pulled her through such an illness. However, the two giraffes intended for Whipsnade will arrive at a favourable time of the year, and their voyage will also be endured at the best time.

Goodbye To Two Favourites

Whipsnade has had to say goodbye to the two lion cubs who proved such an attraction last summer, as these animals had outgrown the accommodation provided for them. They were born in the London Zoo, and when they were old enough to leave their mother Lena they were sent to Whipsnade so that they could play together in a spacious enclosure and grow up in the open air.

Their playground, however, was only an ordinary paddock enclosed by wires, and as they are no longer small cubs but fine young lionesses, and are by no means amiable, it was feared that a wire fence was not enough to keep them within bounds. Consequently the two sisters have had to return to their birthplace. One is to remain there in the Lion House; the other is to go to Paignton.

An Unruly Family

These young lionesses are the daughters of Cecil, the black-maned lion belonging to Bostock's menagerie, who disliked Whipsnade so much that he had to be sent to the London Zoo.

Cecil became better tempered as soon as he was removed to the Lion House, but he is not a friendly lion, and his wife Lena is equally suspicious of visitors. Their two daughters have always been spiteful, and naturally as they grow older their temper grows worse. One of them has a bobbed tail, and it is believed that Lena bit a piece off her daughter's tail soon after her birth.

MAKE A CAPITAL TEA with the 4th Condiment



Note the excitement round your tea-table when you put on the H.P. Sauce. Sandwiches become fresh and appetising. Sardines lose their oiliness and gain an appetising flavour. High tea or picnic spread, the 4th Condiment is the best ever for ensuring that nothing is left over.

HP SAUCE

It's only 9d. a large bottle.

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

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7

PER HALF POUND

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THE NOBLE DOGS

Arctic Rescue Which Needed Them

WHAT MAN'S OLDEST FRIEND DID

We shall not soon forget the thrilling story of the rescue of the 102 Chelyuskin castaways from their ice-floe off the north coast of Siberia, but there is an aspect of it which has perhaps not had sufficient emphasis.

Only aeroplanes could have achieved this rescue, and the airmen are the real heroes; but the most modern of all means of transport would have probably been useless without one of the most ancient of conveyances, the dog-sleigh; and we are glad to know that when Soviet airmen saved the last 28 of the marooned Chelyuskin crew they also took away from the ice-floe eight dogs who had performed prodigious work in the rescue.

With the perfection of modern means of transport the day of the dog in the Arctic would seem to have ended. But this is not so; the dog has become more important than ever.

Two teams of dogs first came to the help of the Chelyuskin when it was trapped in the ice in October last. Dogs took Professor Schmidt to land to bring back four sleighs for the transport of the sick. For 32 hours the dogs struggled heroically in snowstorm and ice-drifts.

Helping the Airmen

Dogs carried the messages to the radio stations informing Moscow of the disaster to the Chelyuskin. Though the Soviet Government quickly sent out aeroplanes, dirigibles, and ships to help the marooned men the work of the dogs did not cease. On the contrary, the more aeroplanes that were sent north the greater the number of dogs that were required. The faster the aeroplanes penetrated to Vankar the quicker the dogs had to transport fuel to the intermediate bases. When airmen were forced down in the storm dogs had to be used to find them. Dogs delivered two tons of benzine to Vankar and took the same quantity from Wellen to Cape Serdtse-Kamen.

In the very last days of the rescue dogs took enough benzine to Onman to last for 60 flying hours. The fact that not a dog was left on the ice-floe, when every added weight meant more danger on the flight, shows the appreciation of their work and valour.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

Trotsky and His Wanderings

The French Government relented at the last moment and gave Leon Trotsky permission to remain in France provided that he lived over 200 miles from Paris. He will also remain under the strict eye of the police.

Thus for the time being end the wanderings of one of the most amazing men Russia has ever produced, the son of a Jewish chemist, who began the Soviet revolution which led to Keren-sky's fall. More feared than any man in Russia, he was exiled and went to live on a Turkish island.

Eventually the French Government gave him permission to make his home in the forest of Fontainebleau, unknown to his neighbours. After many months his presence in France became known, and there was an outcry for his expulsion.

Vainly did Trotsky knock at the doors of other countries. England, formerly the proud host of many a famous political refugee, refused him a home even in the Channel Islands, and the Irish Free State declared that his presence was impossible.

All the world knows that it would mean death for Trotsky to return to his Fatherland, and it is in keeping with her old traditions of humanity that France has given an asylum to this fighter without a home.

HE PLANTED CANBERRA'S TREES

C.N. Reader's Part in a New Capital

We have been interested to learn that a C.N. reader was the first gardener at Canberra, being sent from the gardens of the Federal Government House at Sydney 21 years ago to plant trees on the rough ground where now stands the capital of Australia. Mr James Maxwell writes to us from Larbert in Stirling-shire, where he is still at his business of nursery gardening.

I was sent to plant the trees in an experimental nursery to ascertain what trees and shrubs would be suitable for the future street planting and parks. As you mention in a recent article on Canberra, there are today oaks, ashes, beech, alders—in fact, most trees common to Europe. The old nursery garden now forms part of the lake, it being just on the side of the Molonglo River.

There was no railway nearer than the township of Queanbeyan 21 years ago, and the timber for the building of workmen's houses was hauled from there. We all lived in tents in true pioneer style, my tent being pitched by the old farm of Acton, the site where I believe today the Prime Minister's residence is built.

Early Scottish Settlement

I also planted many Alpine plants round the parade ground at the Military College, Duntroon. This district was an early Scottish settlement, Campbell and McIntosh being common names, and the district resembled an English countryside in many respects, even to the names of parishes or shires.

The outbreak of the war slowed activities at Canberra, and I and many others were scattered to take part in the destruction of Europe. I have still in my possession some of the official stamped letters I received in connection with my work, and these I treasure to pass on to my children as proof of my assisting in a small way in the pioneering days of Australia's new capital.

NOW THERE ARE SEVEN

Some Relatives For a British Museum Rat

Mrs Daisy Bates, through the C.N., has sent several interesting specimens of Australian creatures to our Natural History Museum. Here she tells of the recent finds of other naturalists.

Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand still offer wonderful opportunities to naturalists and botanists, for there is always the chance of a new species being discovered or one which had been thought extinct.

Last year the C.N. told how Mr H. H. Finlayson, a keen young naturalist of Adelaide, went wandering into the so-called desert area of Central Australia and found a species of marsupial which had long been supposed extinct.

This year Mr Finlayson selected Tasmania for his search, and has again had a happy find. It is an animal of the rat species, known to science as the broad-toothed rat, but of which only one specimen had previously existed, and that is in the British Museum.

The little rat is not a marsupial. It is indigenous to Australasia, but was thought to be extinct, having been driven out by the influx of rats brought in the old sailing ships. Who discovered the first specimen and sent it to the British Museum in 1883 we do not know, nor where it was discovered. But now Mr Finlayson has secured five more of these interesting little creatures, while at the same time Mr C. W. Brazenor, a young naturalist of the Victorian National Museum, has found a single specimen of the broad-tooth in the Otway District, Victoria. So there are now six new broad-tooths to be added to the hitherto unique specimen in the British Museum.

Mr Brazenor has also been the discoverer of a tiny mouse entirely new to science. He came across it in the same Otway District of Victoria.

THE MAD WORLD

What Fear Leads To in Berlin

The homes of the people of Berlin are placarded with instructions of what safety measures should be taken in the event of an enemy air raid.

To such a pass has the fear of one's neighbour brought one of the great centres of modern civilisation.

The Municipality of Berlin has allotted about £500,000 toward making bomb-proof underground shelters, and General Goering, Air Minister of the Reich, has been given State funds of about £2,500,000 for bombproof buildings.

Already 300,000 men have been enrolled in an Air Protection Corps for Berlin and its neighbourhood, and this Corps has issued a manifesto for the enrolment of skilled and courageous women to look after children and old people in the event of an air raid.

BUSINESS ALMOST AS USUAL

Reconstruction work is always going on somewhere on the railways, yet how seldom it is allowed to interrupt traffic.

On the L.M.S., between Derby and Ambergate, the Belper Pool, Broadholme, and Swainsley Viaducts carry the main line across the River Derwent. These are now being rebuilt to cope with the heavier traffic of today. The work involves much intricate engineering, including the sinking of steel cylinders into the river bed and the use altogether of 1700 tons of steel, yet the line will be closed to traffic only on Sundays until July 8. On weekdays traffic will pass as usual.

EARTHQUAKE'S GOOD TURN

An earthquake, fortunately not a serious one, was felt in many towns in New Zealand recently, which, although it did much damage to chimneys and crockery, appears to have done at least two good turns.

A tradesman in the town of Taihape had a big clock hanging on the wall of his shop, and for a long time it had refused to go. Imagine his surprise on the morning after the earthquake when he found the clock ticking merrily. It has been going ever since!

Then there was a house in Wanganui which had a leak in the roof. Before the plumber was called in the earthquake happened. Evidently the shaking must have closed up the leak, for when the next rain came the leak had stopped!

THE ATILA DIPS ITS FLAG

Recently the Sicilian town of Messina was consecrated to Christianity amid solemn religious festivities.

All the Christian vessels anchored in the harbour at the time sounded their sirens in sympathetic recognition of the event; but the Turkish ship Attila did more, for, while her sirens added their volume of sound to that of the other vessels, her captain ordered her ensign to be lowered, lest the Crescent, which is the symbol of Islam, should mar the Christian character of the day.

Are not small acts of courtesy such as this worth many treaties in cementing goodwill among nations?

ONE GOOD THING

Unemployment has done some people a good turn—it has given them a taste for reading.

In the twentieth annual report of the Carnegie Trust it is stated that unemployed men make good use of the local libraries. Instead of being busy in the evening only, the librarian is busy all day.

When these new readers find work they do not, of course, read so much, but they usually do not drop the habit altogether. Having tasted the joy of reading they indulge in it whenever they have leisure. It is cheaper than most Pictures, and much better than some.

STREAMLINE TRAIN

Great Thing Rushing Along the Tracks

NEW SAFETY DEVICES

For the past three months Americans have had cause to wonder if they were seeing the land brother of the Loch Ness monster.

A great whale-like thing 204 feet long has been rushing along western railway tracks at 85 to 110 miles an hour.

On February 14 the Union Pacific Railway Company presented for President Roosevelt's inspection its first streamlined train. Since then nearly a million people in the western half of the country have inspected the new type train, designed in an effort to win back to the railroad passengers who have taken to the highways in late years.

Aluminium Cars

This first train consists of only three aluminium cars, but by July one six and two nine-car units will be put into service between Chicago and the west coast. These trains will clip 20 to 24 hours off the present 56-hour running schedule.

The entire three-car unit weighs only as much as a single steel coach in general use. This extremely compact train, driven by a 600 horse-power motor, contains beside the driver's cab a railway post-office and luggage compartment in the first car. The second and third seat 216 passengers, as well as contain a tiny buffet kitchen.

Among the safety devices of this tubular train are dual controls, dual fog-penetrating headlights, a long-range siren, a brake system which is partially automatic, safety glass, automatic doors, and non-explosive fuel.

WONDERS OF TRADE

Where We Still Lead

The Bank of England does great service in comparing the trade accounts of various countries and presenting them in intelligible shape. British trade still occupies a creditable position.

In 1930 the chief exporting country was America, with exports of £777,000,000, but £202,000,000 of this consisted of raw cotton and petroleum. The chief European exporting country was Germany, with £589,000,000, but Germany is compelled to export to meet interest on loans. We, with £571,000,000 in exports, really led the van.

While in cotton goods we have lost heavily, no other country yet approaches us in cotton exports. For 1930 these were valued at £87,600,000; Japan exported £30,000,000; France, £20,100,000; Italy, £14,400,000.

So with woollen goods. British exports were £34,100,000; the next was France with £20,700,000.

In iron and steel Germany led with £85,000,000, our country being second with £56,000,000, and America third with £41,700,000.

Germany also led in exports of machinery and electrical goods, and in chemicals.

America had a big lead in motor-cars, exporting £56,900,000, as compared with our £8,900,000 and the £9,000,000 of France. France had an easy lead in real silk, and a slight lead in artificial silk.

These figures, however, stand for a small part of the world's trade. That is because home trade is naturally the main part of the world's trade, and because the world's Governments have done so much to impede international exchanges.

The war has left behind it fierce international jealousies, hatreds, and misunderstandings. Only by removing these can we return to sanity in exporting and importing.

THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 31 Duncan Talks

It was a rope. A loose end floating out in the tide had in some way got wrapped round Duncan's body. He was still sensible, still trying to free himself, but he had no knife, and it was clear he was nearly done. Neil caught the rail of the launch with his left hand and with the knife in his right sawed at the rope. It was horribly tough, and it seemed an age before he managed to draw the blade through it. By that time Duncan had collapsed and lay limp and helpless. Neil had to drop his knife in order to get hold of him. Then, getting his feet against the deck of the sunken launch, he forced himself and Duncan upward.

As Duncan's head came above the surface Archie seized him and dragged him ashore, and Renny helped to lift him out. Neil followed. Renny had gone quite white. For once he had lost all his usual calm, and Neil saw he was badly scared.

"Is he dead?" he asked.
"Dead," repeated Neil. "Of course not. He hasn't been under a minute. Lay him flat on his face."

Neil had had ambulance training with his Scouts and knew what to do. Within a couple of minutes Duncan had got rid of most of the salt-water he had swallowed, and was breathing regularly. Neil dried him with some canvas, helped him into his clothes, and made him comfortable in a sunny corner among the rocks out of the wind. Then he himself went in again to fix the rope.

Once this was done Jupp took charge, and much as Neil disliked the man he had to confess that Jupp was a good mechanic. He knew exactly what he was about, and how best to use the man-power at his command. Before dinner-time they had the launch out of the water and resting on a cradle of planks, which they had made ready beforehand. Then they examined her bow.

"We can mend that all right," said Archie confidently. "It's not as big as the hole in the dinghy. I could almost do it myself."

Neil saw Renny staring at Archie, and it was plain to him that Renny was both astonished and displeased. He chuckled inwardly. This Archie was a very different person from the one whom Renny had fooled so easily over the salmon poaching, and Renny himself was just beginning to realise this fact.

"You're right, Archie," Neil said. "We can mend her up all right."

"Then you'd better get to it," said Jupp sourly. "I don't know nothing about carpenter's work."

"You see to the engine, Jupp," Renny advised.

Jupp shrugged his bony shoulders. "Fat lot of good that's going to do. The salt-water's ruined the mag, and we ain't got no spares. Best thing'll be to take the engine out altogether. She'll sail better."

"Then take it out, if you can do it without damaging the hull," said Renny. "We will get to work on the bow."

They had the planking brought from the Anita and plenty of tools, and Renny did his share with the rest. Archie, who had become really keen on carpentering, cut and planed the pieces for mending the hole and more or less took charge. It tickled Neil's sense of humour to notice Archie giving orders to Renny and Renny obeying them.

There was a lot of work to do. First the hull had to be made watertight, then a mast cut and stepped and stayed. It would take a good deal of sail to move the launch at anything like a reasonable speed. Neil, who knew more of sailing than the others, took charge of this part of the work.

Two days they worked; then came a day of rain so heavy that they had to stay under cover. But Neil put on his waterproof cape and said he would catch some fish off the rocks at the west end of the island. Archie remained in the cave. It was understood between them that one should always keep an eye on Jupp in case he started hunting for the money.

Neil found a nook among the rocks, where he got a little shelter and had already a nice basket of fish, including three codling, when he heard someone coming. To his surprise it was Duncan who came slowly and rather clumsily over the slippery rocks.

"Anything wrong?" Neil asked sharply.

"I guess not," replied Duncan in his high-pitched voice. "I came to see how you were getting along. I see you've got a real nice lot of fish."

"Pretty fair," agreed Neil.

He could see Duncan was embarrassed, and wondered what he had come for; but he was not going to ask. Duncan stood watching as Neil drew in his line, took off a coal fish, rebaited, and flung it out again. The rain had eased off to a drizzle, but the sky was still heavy with clouds. There was a long silence. At last Duncan spoke again. "I kind of wanted to thank you for pulling me out of the water that time, Forsyth. Don't seem to have had a chance until now. It was fine of you."

"Someone had to do it," said Neil rather ungraciously.

"I don't reckon there was anyone else there could have done it but you," replied Duncan. "And I'd have drowned if you hadn't been so quick."

Neil looked round. "You've nothing to thank me for. It just happens I'm pretty much at home in the water."

Duncan's face fell. He looked so sad, that for a moment Neil felt half sorry for him.

"Guess I'd better have kept my mouth shut," Duncan said mournfully. "I know you don't like me, and there's some that, in your place, would have let me drown."

Neil grew angry. "Let you drown! That's a nice way to talk. It must be mixing with people like Renny that puts such rotten ideas into your head."

Duncan looked surprised.

"Renny's all right. What's the matter with Renny? He's only standing up for my rights."

"Your rights!" repeated Neil. "What rights do you think you've got?"

"I'm older than Archie. I reckon that gives me the right to Glen Tallach."

"Age has nothing to do with it," retorted Neil. "By your uncle's will Mr Chard was left to choose between you and Archie. He might have chosen you if you and Renny had not played all these dirty tricks on Archie and myself. As it is you've simply cooked your own goose, and there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that Archie will have the place."

"Played dirty tricks!" repeated Duncan, staring at Neil. "That's a right nasty thing to say, Forsyth. It's true that Renny took you over to this island, but that was only to keep you out of the way for a bit until he could talk to old Chard. You had your stores all right, and he was bringing you fresh stuff this trip. Anyway, he was going to fetch you back before the winter."

It was Neil's turn to stare. Was it possible that Duncan knew nothing of what had happened at Garinish and of Renny's other attempts to get Archie into trouble?

CHAPTER 32 A False Alarm

He was thinking how best to explain things when there came a loud shout from the hill behind, and here was Archie running hard toward them. He had a coil of rope slung round him.

"What's the matter with you, Archie?" was Neil's greeting as the other raced up.

"You—you're all right?" gasped Archie, who was almost breathless with the speed at which he had come.

"Of course we're all right. Did you think Duncan was slaying me?"

"Jupp—Jupp said you'd been caught by the tide," panted Archie. "He'd been up at the top. He—he shouted to me that you were out on the rocks, with the water all round you. Told me to bring a rope."

Neil looked at the other. "Poor old Archie! And it never struck you he was kidding you?"

"Kidding me!" Archie's jaw dropped, and a look of almost comical dismay came upon his face. "But—but what for?"

"You know."

As he spoke Neil gave Archie a look of sharp warning. Archie groaned.

"So that was it. Of course you're right. But it never struck me till now."

He looked so dreadfully downcast that Neil could not be angry. He smacked him on the shoulder. "It may be all right. Let's get back and see." He turned to Duncan, who was looking completely puzzled.

"Do you mind bringing those fish, Mackay?" Then, leaving Duncan to collect the fish, he and Archie went off uphill at full speed.

"Of course it's no good, Archie," said Neil as the two reached the top. "He must have got the box by now."

"I'm afraid he has," groaned Archie.

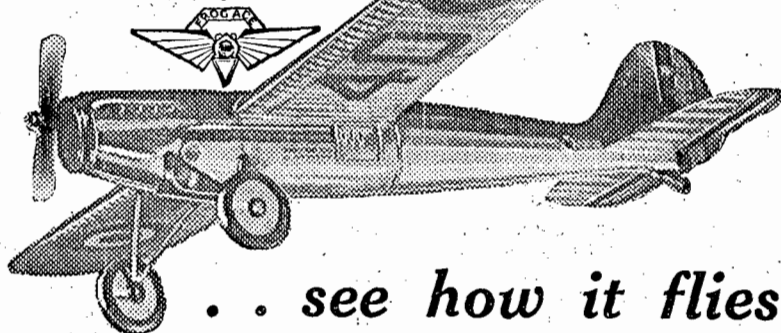
"What about Renny? Was he there?" Neil asked.

Continued on the next page

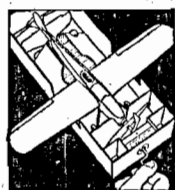
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we don't know—but



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MAIDSTONE.

"No; he went down to the cove when the rain let up."

"Then Jupp had a clear field."

"I know," said Archie miserably, "but I never thought of the box. All I thought of was you being up on that rock."

"Of course you did," said Neil kindly. "I should probably have done the same myself if I'd been in your place. Slack up a bit and let's see if Jupp's in sight."

"Can't see him," replied Archie. "Likely he's in the cave."

Neil shook his head. "We got him down and tied him up the other day, and he knows we could do it again."

The cave was empty. Neil went straight to the recess at the back of the cave where he had hidden the box.

"It's gone," he said briefly.

Archie's face was a picture of despair. "All my fault," he groaned.

"Don't be silly," returned Neil quite sharply. "And, anyhow, there's no real need to worry. Jupp can't take the money off the island. He had to hide it somewhere outside. We'll get it back all right."

"I don't see how," said Archie dolefully.

Neil looked round to be sure no one was within hearing. But Duncan was still a long way off. "He's got to take it in the launch. That's when we get it back. If he makes any trouble I shall tell Renny. Renny's all sorts of a brute, but I'm pretty sure he won't stand for his man stealing somebody else's cash. He's playing for bigger stakes."

Archie grinned suddenly. "You mean you'll set Renny on Jupp. Jolly good idea. They might slay one another."

"You're a bloodthirsty beggar, Archie," remarked Neil. "Let's go down to the cove and help with the launch. Don't let Jupp see you know anything."

Archie scowled. "I'll try," he answered, but Neil had a feeling that he was not going to try very hard.

The rain had stopped. Renny and Jupp were at work on the launch. Jupp looked up at Archie and a crooked grin crossed his freckled face. After a bit Duncan turned up and they all worked steadily. Jupp was still busy getting out the engine. Archie came behind him, carrying a plank, and the end of the plank knocked Jupp's hat off and gave him quite a sharp rap on the head.

Continued in the last column

JACKO JUMPS TOO LATE

JACKO was in the park one day when Chimp met him with a broad grin. "See that?" he cried, pushing a postage-stamp in Jacko's face.

"Nothing wrong with my eyesight," retorted Jacko. "What's the game?"

Chimp walked him off to a quiet corner. "Just a bit of a lark," he whispered, wagging his head knowingly.

up. But he hadn't got far when Jacko good-naturedly leaped off the railings and grabbed his arm.

"Don't bother, Mister!" he panted.

"It's only there for a joke!"

The portly gentleman glared, and then marched on with as much dignity as he could.

"So that's that!" remarked Chimp,



Jacko jumped; but it was too late

"We're going to stick the stamp on the ground and then sit on these railings and watch folks try to pick it up."

"Good joke!" chuckled Jacko.

"Where did you get the idea?"

But Chimp didn't intend letting on that he'd been taken in himself, so he stuck down the stamp and kept quiet. Then the boys mounted their perch and waited for the fun.

It was a long time coming, but at last a pompous, portly old gentleman came strutting along. Suddenly he stopped and stared on the ground.

"Bless me, what's this!" he exclaimed, poking the stamp with his stick; and down he stooped to pick it

when Jacko clambered up again. "Let's hope the next will be more exciting."

It was. After another long wait a workman came briskly along, carrying his bucket. Then he too stopped suddenly and stared on the ground.

"He's spotted it!" whispered Chimp, nudging Jacko in the ribs. "We've landed a fish this time!" he chuckled.

It was a slippery one too. Just as the man had nearly reached the stamp he overbalanced, toppled forward, and shot his bucket straight at Jacko.

With a wild shriek of "Help!" Jacko jumped to escape the tar. But before you could say Jack Robinson his legs were covered with it.

"Sorry," said Archie, but he did not look very sorry. Jupp swung round and swore at him.

"You did that on purpose," he shouted.

"I've told you I was sorry," said Archie. Jupp lost his temper and lashed out at Archie. Archie jumped back, at the same time twisting his plank round swiftly. The end caught Jupp behind the knees and knocked him off his balance. There was only a narrow space between the launch and the rim of the rock ledge. Jupp toppled over, the edge and disappeared with a splash into the cold salt-water below.

His head bobbed up. There came a strangled yell, then down he went again.

"Why, he can't swim," cried Archie and, before Neil could stop him, in he went.

"Keep clear, you ass. He'll drown you," shouted Neil, as he flung off his coat and took a header.

Archie knew just enough of swimming to keep his own head above water, and when Jupp got him by the leg he was helpless. It was lucky for them all that Duncan was there. Duncan was as good in the water as Neil, but even so Jupp and Archie were both half drowned before they were lugged out, and that was the end of work for the day.

Jupp was so bad that they had a job to get him back to the cave, and then they had to put him to bed. Archie had not swallowed so much water, and was pretty well himself again by supper-time.

"You did that on purpose," Neil accused Archie, when he got him alone after supper.

"So Jupp said," replied Archie.

"You'd better be careful," Neil warned him. "He'll have it for you after this."

"He may be scared to try anything more," said Archie significantly; and once more Neil was left wondering at the amazing change in his pupil.

Jupp was all right next day, and in two more days they finished and rigged the launch. They tried her, and she sailed fairly well.

"Better start tomorrow if it's fine," said Renny, and Neil agreed. They were all tired that night, and turned in early. Neil was sound asleep when he felt someone shaking him awake.

"I heard that dog again," Archie said, in his ear. Neil sat up swiftly. "There it is again," whispered Archie.

Neil jumped up. "I heard it. Come on."

TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's ATORA

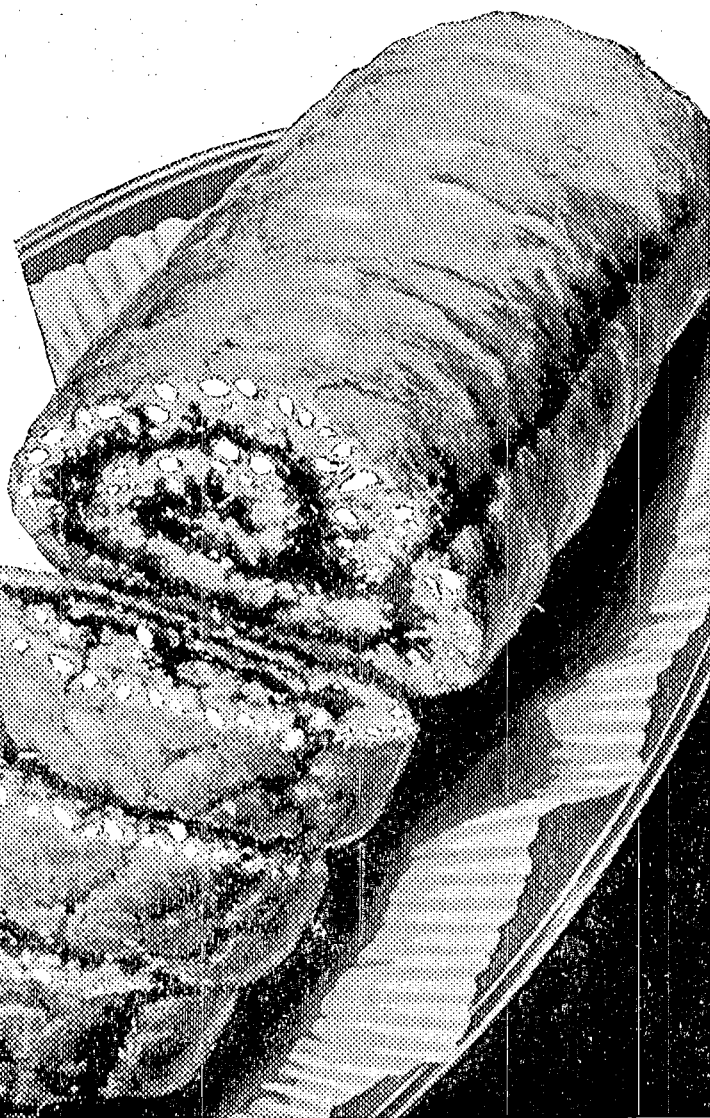
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Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in
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slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add
enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and
spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll
over (sealing up ends by turning them in). Bake
for about 1 hour in a greased tin. Serve
hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

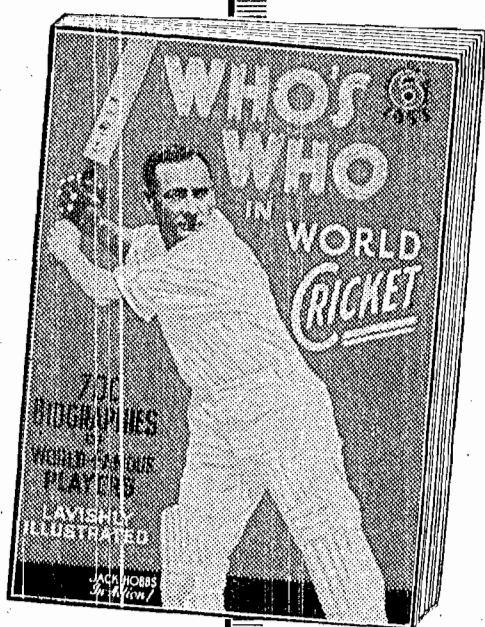
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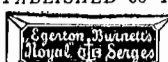
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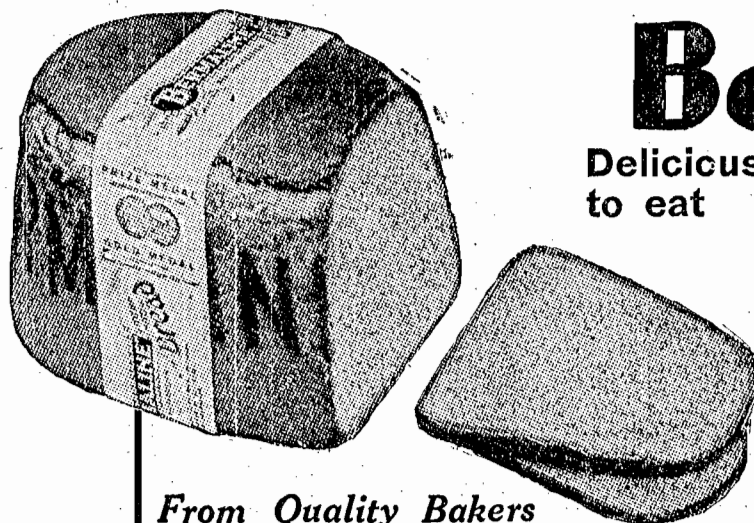


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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 19, 1934

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THE BRAN TUB

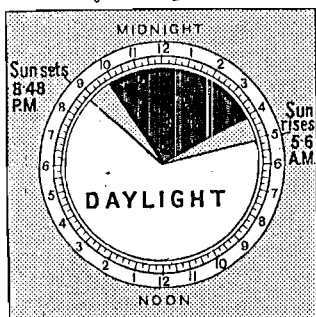
The Puzzled Ferryman

A FERRYMAN had to carry across a river a wolf, a goat, and a basket of cabbages. But his boat was so small that, beside himself, he could only take one of the three. How did he manage to get them all across safely without the goat having an opportunity of eating the cabbages, or the wolf of injuring the goat? *Answer next week*

Next Week in the Countryside

THE house-martin is building its nest. The sedge-warbler and whinchat are laying their eggs. The great titmouse's song ceases. Hives swarm. The greasy friillary, grizzled skipper, brown argus, and small-heath butterflies and the heath moth appear. The sailor beetle and golden-green dragon-fly are seen. The crosswort, soft brome-grass, raspberry, white mignonette, white campion, gromwell, bird's-foot trefoil, mouse-ear, hawkweed, butterwort, dewberry, early purple orchis, and guelder rose are in blossom.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 19. The daylight gets longer each day.

A Riddle in Rhyme

I'm sought below the sea;
I fetch a handsome price.
The first three-fifths of me,
When served with duck, is nice.
Behold, and I'm a peer,
Curtailed, a fruit is found.
My middle part is ———,
With which you catch all sound.

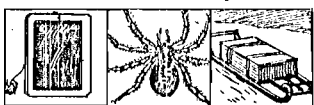
Answer next week

The Last Wolf in England

IN ancient times wolves existed in all parts of England. There is, however, no mention of them in this country after the reign of Henry the Seventh. It is stated on good authority that the last native wolf lived in the wooded country around Ludgvan in Cornwall. This animal lived well on the flocks of the local people but at last, just after dusk one evening, it carried off a child. This aroused the peasantry, and the

wolf was killed at Rospeith, where there is still a farm of that name. In Scotland wolves lingered to a much later date, and we have the well-known story of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel killing the last in the country in 1680. There is reason to believe, however, that some wolves existed in Sutherlandshire and on the Findhorn River until 1743.

Ici On Parle Français



Une ardoise Une araignée Le traineau
Slate Spider Sledge

Les petits écrivent sur l'ardoise.
L'araignée a attrapé des mouches.
Ce traineau est tiré par des chiens.

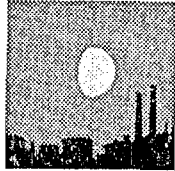
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to April 21, 1934, are compared with the corresponding weeks a year ago.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1934	BIRTHS 1933	DEATHS 1934	DEATHS 1933
London	5135	4870	4720	3786
Glasgow	1826	1827	1465	1088
Manchester	1036	916	826	756
Belfast	756	678	464	548
Edinburgh	541	523	508	441
Southampton	251	206	208	170
Swansea	228	215	134	165
Exeter	96	76	62	83
Carlisle	91	69	59	59
York	88	102	79	89
Lincoln	87	80	73	64
Gloucester	71	78	45	43

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South, Neptune is in the South-West, and Mercury is in the West. In the morning Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, May 23.



No-Train Station

THERE is a railway station, with booking and parcels offices, time-tables, waiting-rooms, and so on, from which thousands of passengers are booked every year, yet from which no train has ever left. The reason is that a river divides the station from the railway line, and passengers and parcels have to be ferried across before joining the trains at the terminus of the line.

Where is it? Dartmouth in Devonshire.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Deal in Cameras

The shopkeeper bought 25 at 10s each and sold 20 at 12s 6d each.

Built-Up Word. V, VI, T—WIT

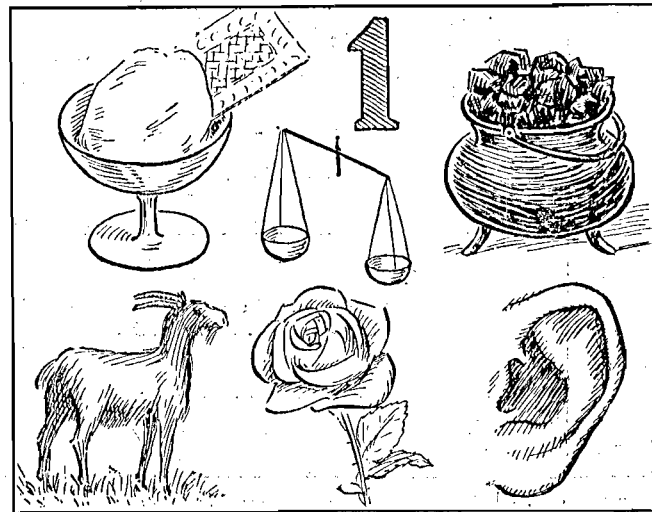
What Are They? Horseshoes

A Charade. Asp-a-ragus

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

DIN	ASP	HALT	SAP
ACID	EE	LO	BATH
FEEL	ALGE	BRA	LEE
F	CALL	G	ECHO
O	PENS	T	OP
D	O	OZE	TOUST
I	RON	O	N
L	E	T	MOTTLED
A	N	T	

A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the words represented by these seven drawings and write them one under another in such order that we see the initials and finals on this page.

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ANN was determined to be helpful. She woke up feeling that way, and as she dressed she tried to make up her mind what form her help would take.

"There's washing up," she thought, "and dusting, and errands, and front-door brasses, and dinner, and——"

"Your breakfast's ready, Ann," called her mother.

"Coming!" answered Ann, and her hands hurried to brush her hair, and her brain hurried to decide what good turn she should do. She ran downstairs, and only just at the dining-room door did she make her decision. She would scrape the potatoes.

Breakfast had reached the marmalade stage when Ann suddenly and proudly an-

nounced, "I'll do the potatoes today!"

"Gracious!" said her mother. "Let's have one meal finished first. Besides, it's going to be a cold-meat-and-salad dinner, so there won't be any potatoes to do. However, there are lots of other jobs waiting for Saturday morning."

Ann's scheme had gone awry. After breakfast she slipped off quietly to the garden—other jobs or not. She "coo-ced" over the fence, and Mary, her friend and next-door neighbour, soon answered the call.

"Coming out to play?" asked Ann.

"Not yet," said Mary. "I'm going to give mother a hand first—it's Saturday."

"H'm. So was I," Ann grumbled, "but it's all off. My help isn't wanted. What are you going to do?"

"I haven't the least idea," answered Mary. "Just what comes along. There's plenty to help with on Saturdays."

"It sounds a funny sort of help," said Ann, "when you don't know what you're going to do."

"I do just what seems to want doing," grinned Mary cheerfully.

They parted. Ann dawdled down the garden, then up the garden, into the house, up to her bedroom, down to the dining-room, through the hall, peevish and dissatisfied. At the front door she heard voices. She strolled lazily toward the door, and saw her

Dr MERRYMAN

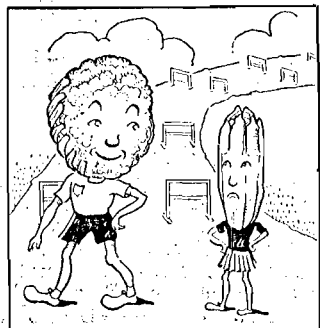
The New Trunk

THE trunk was obviously a new one and Percy was most concerned lest it be damaged, so he gave the porter special instructions.

"Bit of an ass, that fellow," commented another porter who had overheard the remarks.

"Yes," remarked the first. "Pity he's not an elephant, then he'd always have his trunk with him."

Disheartened



"I MUST win this race!" the cauliflower said, But the lettuce turned sulky, refusing to start. Said she "If a cauliflower must keep ahead, Then a lettuce, I fear, would be sure to lose heart."

On Time?

AT the end of a long tramp two tired walkers entered the railway station at Slocombe-in-the-Wold and very soon afterwards a train appeared.

"Congratulations," they said to the sleepy-looking porter, "the train is dead on time."

"Oh! Is it?" drawled the porter. "Well, it's yesterday's train anyway."

Old-Fashioned

MR and Mrs Newrich were being shown round a ducal mansion.

"In the picture gallery," said the guide, "his grace has more than a hundred old pictures."

"Just fancy that!" said Mrs N. "With all his money you'd think he'd turn them out and get new ones."

Her Collection

IT was flag day for the local hospital, and Joan had been helping for the first time.

"Weren't you excited when you went out with your tray of flags and the moneybox?" she was asked.

"No, Daddy," she replied, "I was calm—and collected."

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